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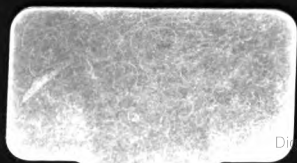
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Life as service

Henry Lewis



e as service



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LIFE AS SERVICE

LIFE AS SERVICE

SOME CHAPTERS ON
BEING CHRISTIANLY USEFUL

BY
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TO
My Wife,
A TRUE AND BELOVED YOKE-FELLOW,
WHO HAS EVER
"LABOURED MUCH IN THE LORD."

PREFACE

THE author's purpose in putting forth this book has been to make a plea for Work as being one of God's best provisions for the happiness and ennoblement of His human creatures. He has dealt with the subject from the Christian point of view. It may be, and he most earnestly prays that it will be, that what has been said will have value and claim for workers who have not yet seen in Him, who is Son of Man and also Son of God, the One who as greatest in service claims to be supreme in Mastership.

If by anything that this book sets forth some from among these are won to bow to the Lordship of Jesus, and also if any discouraged servant of the Divine Master is cheered and helped to take heart of grace again, and to continue in well-doing—then with the innumerable company of those whose humble instrumentality has been honoured by the use of God, the writer will join and adoringly say his "*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini Tuo da gloriam*" (Psalm cxv. 1).

"Ye know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them. Not so shall it be among you: but whosoever would become great among you shall be your minister; and whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant: even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

S. Matt. xx. 25-28, R.V.

"The sinner whom Christ habitually denounces is he who has done nothing."

Ecce Homo, chap. xvi.

"Get leave to work
In this world!—'tis the best you get at all!
For God in cursing, gives us better gifts
Than men in benediction. God says *Sweat*
For foreheads—men say *Crowns*—and so we are crowned,
Ay, gashed—by some tormenting circle of steel
Which snaps with a secret spring.—Get Work! Get Work!
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get!"

E. B. BROWNING.

"Older than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, forever-enduring Gospel; Work, and therein have well-being. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lies there not in the innermost heart of thee a Spirit of active Method, a Force for Work—and burns like a painfully smouldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent Facts around thee! What is unmethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable; obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest Disorder, there is thy eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subdue him; make Order of him, the subject not of Chaos, but of Intelligence, Divinity and Thee!"

THOMAS CARLYLE in *Past and Present*, Book III.

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LIFE AS SERVICE

CHAPTER I

MAN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE AS A SERVER

IF men and women would but accept the truth that they were born to serve, it would make existence more intelligible and valuable to them. Many human lives are meaningless and without thankfulness just for the want of some such view as this. They are here, and they have to endure—this is the idea which such people have of the fact that they are alive and that experiences come to them.

It is a sullen view of one's being. It makes life needlessly joyless. And how far astray from the real line of God's purpose it is!

If Science in its wondrous illuminations during these modern times teaches us anything at all, it teaches us this much, that in the scheme of Nature there is no uselessness. All things are so related to one another, and to the whole of which they are parts, that they must minister. It may be by opposition. It may be by decay. It may be as producers or as consumers. Nevertheless, it is all service. Even death serves. The still-born child fulfils a law. Poverty, calamity, suffering in all its phases—these all work out the issues of their respective causes, and so do their serving.

Now the man who grasps and keeps the truth that he is a server in the universe has at least this advantage—he has a good defence against pessimism. His soul will not come into the company of those who ask—"Is life worth living?" Such a question would be treason

to his conviction that all life is for service. To him life even in its most trying conditions must be worth living, for he believes that it is meant to fulfil some great, though unknown, end—and by the very conditions which distress it.

Few mortals have risen to the utmost height of this view of life as Epictetus¹ did. He was a slave at Rome. He was crippled. Life to him was hard in its circumstances. He had none of those consolations of a great and noble religion which are so abundant and precious to the Christian, and yet he could say—

"What, then, should a man have in readiness in such circumstances? What else than this? What is mine, and what is not mine; and what is permitted to me, and what is not permitted to me.

"I must die.

"Must I then die lamenting?

"I must be put in chains.

"Must I then also lament?

"I must go into exile.

"Does any man then hinder me from going with smiles and cheerfulness and contentment?

"Tell me the secret which you possess.

"I will not, for this is in my power.

"But I will put you in chains.

"Man, what are you talking about? Me in chains? You may fetter my leg, but my will not even Zeus himself can overpower.

"I will throw you into prison.

"My poor body, you mean.

"I will cut your head off.

"When, then, have I told you that my head alone cannot be cut off?

"These are the things which philosophers should meditate on, which they should write daily, in which they should exercise themselves."²

Truly, the man who could look out on life in one of its worst estates in this spirit was a great man. He

¹ Born about A.D. 50.

² *Discoveries*, Book I. chap. i. Translated by Geo. Long, M.A.

was greater than his circumstances. He was superior to his age. It could not assimilate him. On the contrary, he passed his own rare qualities into the age.

And the secret of his strength was the principle of the hackneyed words, "*Ich Dien*"—I serve. Epictetus took his place in the universe as part of it, and cheerfully did his work as servant to it.¹ Life to him was worth living, because even in slavery, and with a maimed body, and amid experiences which make ordinary men groan, it was somehow and to some sufficient end a ministry.

The cheerfulness which Epictetus got out of his creed is impressive. It makes us wish that some of it could be got for the religious life of the present day. And it seems as if God wills this too. For among the purposes which the present "New Theology" movement is meant to fulfil, one, we believe, is this—to make men realize that they are not more surely in the universe than that they are of the universe, and that as God Himself is here, and now, working in all things, and for the subduing to Him of all things, so human creatures will best serve God by accepting all experiences which come to them for thinking of God, and for doing the will of God.

The Church has won her creeds by the hostile forcing of heresies.

Wrong ways of stating truth compelled her to see and contend for right ways. And so it will be with the "New Theology" of these modern times. The pantheistic conceptions now beginning to gain currency will most surely issue in a clarified and enlarged and operative view of the immanence of God. And with an increased belief in the presence of God in and through

¹ Marcus Aurelius (A.D. 121-180), in the more difficult position of Roman Emperor, learned and taught the same truth. "Dost thou not see," he says in his *Meditations*, "the little plants, the little birds, the ants, the spiders, the bees working together to put in order their several parts of the universe? And art thou unwilling to do the work of a human being, and dost thou not make haste to do that which is according to thy nature?"—Book V., Long's translation.

the universe men will take more fully to their hearts the truth that human life as part of "the all in all" is only right, and can only be blessed, when it consciously and thankfully performs its divinely appointed function of serving.

CHAPTER II

SOME TEACHING FROM HISTORY ON THE SUBJECT OF WORK

WE have looked at human life as meant for service by its relation to the universe. Much is to be seen in this direction if it is searched for. And what can be found there is inspiring.

Our next region is history. And here again the truth shines clear, that man was made for work, and that only so far as he does his proper duties can he rise to his best and to his happiest.

The Bible opens with a picture of newly created man set to do work. Woman comes on the scene as man's helper in his work. And since that far-off time, that which has bound man and woman together most closely and lovingly and ennoblingly has been work in which they could mutually serve not their own home interests only, but also the larger interests of the community, and the nation, and the race.

Turning to secular history, it is notable how outstanding is its testimony to the value of work as a producer of character. The case of the Roman people is a good example of this. As long as they had to labour to acquire the empire, or to consolidate it and keep it, there was progress among them. Good men and noble women were produced. The nation improved. The affairs of the empire went forward. When work ceased among the Romans, and to enjoy rather than to serve became the rule, human character lost a powerful ally, and began to decline. Gibbon describes the mournful process in a few sonorous sentences.

"During the first four ages" (he says) "the Romans,

in the laborious school of poverty, had acquired the virtues of war and government; by the vigorous exertion of those virtues, and by the assistance of fortune, they had obtained, in the course of the three succeeding centuries, an absolute empire over many countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa. The last three hundred years had been consumed in apparent prosperity and internal decline. The nation of soldiers, magistrates, and legislators, who composed the thirty-five tribes of the Roman people, was dissolved into the common mass of mankind, and confounded with the millions of servile provincials, who had received the name, without adopting the spirit, of Romans. A mercenary army, levied among the subjects and barbarians of the frontier, was the only order of men who preserved and abused their independence. By their tumultuary election a Syrian, a Goth, or an Arab, was exalted to the throne of Rome, and invested with despotic power over the conquests and over the country of the Scipios."¹

Ruskin has pointed out the same thing in connection with Art. He shows us that as long as the Greeks and the Florentines and the Venetians were struggling to reach higher and still higher things in the pursuit of truth of form, or of truth of mental expression, or of the truth of colour and light, so long were they on the path of greatness. But the moment they reached what men call success, and ceased to be strenuous, that fatal change came which means that men and things begin to deteriorate.²

There are those who see signs of this change in England at the present day. We are being told that we English are ceasing to love work, and are therefore ceasing to become great. Certainly, there is much to make us fear in this direction. In these modern days labour has learned to combine and to organize. But it has not been for the improvement of workmanship. As yet the great movement has been solely for easier conditions and better pay. Until

¹ *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Vol. I. chap. viii.

² *Vide Two Paths*, Lecture I.

Trade-unionism sets before it some worthy ideal of what constitutes faithful serving, and presses that ideal upon its members, this country may well feel uneasy as to the effects of so gigantic a separation of men's pecuniary and material interests from their moral consideration and effort. On the other hand, it can truly be said that never before was there in England so much work done keenly and generously for the good of mankind as there is to-day. Self-indulgence and the unblushing pursuit of self-interests are undoubtedly on the increase among us. And yet, thank God, unselfish service is growing too.

If we turn to that other kind of history which we call experience, we shall find the same high things taught concerning honest, useful work, as those which we have seen in the Bible and in secular history. What have been the best moments of our life? When have we been the happiest? To what can we look back with most satisfaction? If a true answer be given to these questions, it will in a vast number of cases be found to be connected with service. We have done our duty, or we have been helpful to others, or we have borne necessary burdens, or we have checked impatience while patiently waiting. In such serving—by so fulfilling that function of our existence, which is clearly one of its purposes—we have done the will of God; and not only was the service a source of new dignity to us, but the recollection of it to-day is uplifting, and makes us thankful.

History, then, is on the side of work. Whether in the Bible, or in the story of the nations, or in the smaller volume of individual experience, it tells us that it is good to work. The man who can be useful, and does not find out how to minister to his generation, is in discord with the Almighty. Life is bound to go hard with him. Joy must depart from him. Progress cannot be his.

CHAPTER III

THE INCARNATION AS A REVELATION OF SERVING

It is much to know that a man on his serving side is with the universe. It is more to be told by history that human life is in the way of the best things when doing its appointed tasks. But it is most of all to be able to turn to Jesus Christ and to learn of Him that it is divine to put aside the being ministered to, and to minister. The idea of the Incarnation was not new. For the gods to come to earth in the likeness of men was a familiar thing to the Hindoo, to the Greek, and to other nations. But that the Divine should come to take a low place among the human, and to be a servant to the human—this was new. The world had not conceived the possibility. Even when the miracle came the Jews, who had been long and patiently prepared for it, could not accept it.

That it is better to serve than to be served is, therefore, a principle which dates from the entrance of Jesus Christ into the ranks of humanity. And since He humbled Himself, and took the status of a servant, and did His great work, the world has been slowly learning His secret. What the difference was which the Incarnation made in the ideas and conduct of men in the matter of being helpful to one another, such well-known books as Lecky's *History of European Morals*, and Schmidt's *The Social Results of Early Christianity*, and Seely's *Ecce Homo* sufficiently show. The latter goes so far as to say that "the Christian view of morality has become universal, so that now no man is called or considered good, whether he bear the Christian name or not, who does not, in some form or other, exhibit an active love for his kind, and go out of his way to do good."¹ Remarkable testimony from one whose book, when it first appeared, was treated by the Christian Church as a veiled attack upon her Lord.

¹ Chapter xvii.

It is, however, in Christ's own words and deeds that we feel the newness and forcefulness of His revelation of serving. For twelve years He served the rule of the home at Nazareth, being subject to His human mother and to Joseph. Then seems to have come the realization of the higher service of what He called "my Father's business."

What our Lord learned of serving under human conditions during those first thirty years of His incarnate life, He taught to His disciples during the three years of His public career with them. It was the point He dwelt on most. To serve, He pressed upon them again and again, the Son of Man had come. To serve must henceforth be the desire and effort of all who called Him Lord.

How large He made all this! And how beautiful! The washing of the disciples' feet; the taking up and the setting forth of the little child; the miracles regarded as acts of helping; the words, "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant"; and, as climax of all, the Good Shepherd, who had such power over His life that no man could take it from Him, giving that life for the sheep—all this is part of the light which "the Dayspring from on high" has brought to men on the subject of serving.

When we speak of the Incarnation as a revelation of serving, some care is necessary lest we miss the fact that the revelation on its operative side is not *ab extra*—from the outside of the human race. It is *ab intra*—from within the human race. Jesus Christ is no guide with a lantern who has come to show humanity the way through the darkness. Such a conception would lead us to view Him as apart from the race. He is in the race. He is flesh of our flesh, bone of our bones. As head of the race He is one with the race in a true, living, pervading solidarity. If it be true that Adam is in human life, affecting it and working through it, it is equally true that Christ as the second Adam is also in human life, affecting it and working through it. The Incarnation, according to the New Testament scheme

of things, stands for this. The phenomena which we see in human life demand this. How else can the virtues of Christ in men who own no allegiance to Him be explained? When we see serving done by non-Christian people which resembles the Christian type, it is not mere imitation. It is Christ in those who are not yet Christ's. It is part of the process by which Christ "lighteth every man, coming into the world."¹ Of such servers—be they among the sick, or the poor, or the helpless, or the degraded—it can truly be said, they are "not far from the kingdom of God." Only one step remains for them to take, and that is to realize Him whom they ignorantly serve, and to say, as Nathaniel did when he made the great discovery, "Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God."²

CHAPTER IV

WRONG IDEAS OF SERVICE

It is curious to note how strongly certain nations and people cling to the thought that what is called menial work is unworthy of those who hold any social standing.³ In India the natives cannot understand why a European sahib should carry a parcel from a shop, or a book from his office. To them it is undignified. It lowers the position which the sahib holds. In England the same feeling exists, though not in such pronounced forms. The *Life of Archbishop Temple*⁴ tells us that as the Principal of a training college for workhouse schoolmasters, the future Primate of the English Church insisted on his pupils learning to do all the tasks which in their coming work they would have to superintend. One day a student complained that he had been asked to clean out a pigsty on the

¹ John i. 9, R.V.

² *Ibid.* 49.

³ It is a survival of pagan and feudal times. The Romans held that those only are genteel whose ancestors have never served—"gentem habent soli cujus parentes nemini servierunt."

⁴ Vol. I. p. 101.

farm attached to the college. "Am I to do such dirty work?" he asked. The Principal replied slowly, "Well, I suppose not. Give me the broom. Some one must do it." And taking off his coat he filled the complainer with shame by doing the task.

In after life the Archbishop was never slow to assure working men that he knew what it was to be poor and to work with his hands. And so far from allowing that such a condition and such work were a misfortune, he seemed to glory in the fact that they had once been his.

The same pride in former humble circumstances and work was in Thomas Carlyle. No father and no mother were ever more exulted in for their noble qualities, and for the strict training in humble tasks of their children, than Carlyle in his *Reminiscences*¹ exults over his working-class parents. It was from them that he learned to preach his famous gospel of work. They taught him to magnify manual toil as few writers of world-fame have magnified it.

The gospel of the inherent dignity of all honest, necessary work still needs to be preached among us. We English people have yet to fully learn as a nation that if the Divine Man could be a carpenter, and if His apostles were taken from the labour classes, that fact alone has consecrated all useful toil, and made it a sphere in which men and women can glorify God. Indeed, it seems to warrant us to go further and to say that because Jesus Christ Himself submitted for most of the years of His human life to daily labour, therefore, the man or the woman who can do useful work and does not do it proves thereby that he or she is not His disciple.

Another wrong idea of service is that it is the measure of our work, rather than its quality, which matters. The measure of place, the measure of regard which people have for what we do, the measure of seen results, the measure of reward given now for our efforts—these are the things which hold us most.

¹ *Vide* Vol. I. pp. 5-6.

But it is all wrong, and we know it is wrong—when-
ever we allow honest thought to speak to us.

And so we come once again face to face with the truth that it is what we put into our work which matters. The server may be the common drudge of an unthankful, or, what is more often the case, unthinking family; he or she may have the hard lot of having to do some of the terribly monotonous work of factories, where, on some machine, or by some tool, the same wearisome operation must be done many thousands of times every day, and yet, even to such workers, high thinking and noble doing are possible, so long as the principle that it is not what your duty is, but how you perform it, is kept ever in view and followed.

A further wrong idea of service is that which gives too much importance to known results. Every keen worker hungers to see his work telling by what it accomplishes. Nevertheless, as those who believe that God is in all things, and that all things are being slowly but surely subdued to His will, we can and ought to work on in the dark, if that be clearly God's will. "Duties are ours; events are God's," is a motto for all whose place in life calls for blindfolded toil. The mother who trains childhood must cling to this idea, else life for her will go hard indeed. The clergyman who has charge of souls must act on it, else the tempter will be too much for him. The humble worker in domestic service or factory life must face each day with it, else work will become irksome, and faithfulness will cease.

One more wrong idea of service is connected with the matter of equipment. Money, position, education—these and the like are supposed to be necessary before any great work can be performed. It is a great mistake. The best equipment for any service which has for its end the bettering of the world is the best that is in the worker himself. "We owe to man man," says Emerson. "If he is sick, is unable, is mean-spirited and odious, it is because there is so much of his

nature which is unlawfully withholden from him. He should be visited in this his prison with rebuke to the evil demons, with manly encouragement, with no mean-spirited offer of condolence because you have not money, or mean offer of money as the utmost benefit, but by your heroism, your purity and your faith. You are to bring with you that spirit which is understanding, health, and self-help.”¹

It is the same truth which Browning urges when he says—

“For I, a man, with man am linked,
And not a brute with brutes; no gain
That I experience must remain unshared.”²

Yes; it is not what we have, but what we are, which will best serve the needs of our fellow human beings. The masses of poor in our crowded cities wait for such service. Let men and women go among them in God's name and for Christ's sake; let them give themselves on their best sides and out of their best instincts to these people; let them apply their manhood and womanhood to the manhood and womanhood now rotting in the slums, and, like Elisha's body when put into warm sympathetic contact with the child's dead body, such ministry will communicate life and produce life, and thus prove once again that to give man to man is to bestow the best gift and to do the best work

CHAPTER V

TO BE MATTERS MORE THAN TO DO

It is a truism. It ought not to require emphasis; but it does! This is a *doing* age. The emphasis is all that way. The duty of *being* is known, of course, and sometimes pressed. But it is among the things “taken for granted,” and seldom done. The result is that a vast amount of the *doing* in the present day is manifestly without its natural root—*being*.

¹ *Essay on Domestic Life.*

² *Christmas Eve.*

The lack cannot be hidden. Even in style the *doing* is not right, and cannot be right, if the *being* which it produces is wrong. How can it? As Buffon long ago said, "Le style, c'est l'homme meme"—the style is the man himself. If the man is unworthy, his style tells the tale. There would be something seriously lacking in this rule of truth if it were not so. It would make human life much more difficult to understand than it is, if *doing* were not to reveal in some way or other the internal and all-important fact of the *being* from which it comes.

Every worker for Jesus Christ is expected to begin at *being* what his *doing* leads men to think that he is—a Christian. This comes out with tremendous emphasis in all we see of Christian service in the New Testament. One who served Christ without being Christ's betrayed Him. Another, who joined the new missionary cause without being genuinely missionary in his soul, turned back when half-way out on the missionary tour.¹ Of a third, who put *doing* before *being*, the shameful record is made, "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world."² In view of such results we cannot wonder that our Lord laid down the condition for all His servers, "Apart from Me ye can do nothing."³ We must be in the Vine if we would do the work of the Vine. To produce in our manhood and womanhood the virtues of Christ it is essential that we be the living members of Christ. The world bears impressive witness to the reasonableness and rightness of this teaching. In its striking regard for personal character—in the remarkable way in which it does reverence to goodness in man or woman it sets its seal of approval to the principle that *being* matters more than *doing*. It is for this reason that the earnest advocates of a false system of religion not only get a patient hearing in these tolerant days, but also sometimes exercise considerable power. It is not their system which wins, but the fact that they

¹ Acts xv. 38.

² 2 Tim. iv. 10.

³ John xv. 5, R.V.

themselves are better than their system. So long as the Roman Church can show a Newman, or Unitarianism an Emerson, or unlawful love a George Eliot, there will always be people who will tolerate the errors which these famous people espoused, for the sake of the high personal qualities their heroes or heroines possessed. It matters little that such personal qualities did not come from their errors. The thing which prevails with people is that a man or a woman has excellent qualities. For the sake of these the public insists on holding them in great esteem. In other words—to be matters more than to do, even when the doing, as in the case of George Eliot, is in the face of common decency.

If *being* is so revered by men that *erratic doing* is condoned for the sake of it, it is easy to see how *being* combined with *right doing* is royal. It is royal because it is so whole and so true; and with it the forces of God's own *being* and *doing* are on its side, and co-operate with it. It is royal because it comes from the Divine King Himself. He inspires it. His own Holy Spirit sustains it. Its blessed results are from His own gracious using of it. Once more, it is royal because of men's homage to it. It needs no pitying excuse from them. It is satisfied with no divided allegiance in them. It demands, and in the long run it wins their best.

We close with two testimonies from two widely different men on what they had learned of our subject. One is John Addington Symonds, the well-known writer on Italian art and literature. All his mature life he was uncertain about religion. He had no faith. But in his last years he had ascertained this much—"The older I get" (he wrote), "and the more I get to know folk, the more I feel it is not what a man thinks about the universe, and politics, and art, and social questions, and all the rest of such matters, which signifies, but what we are, personally are; that is the great fact. And that is always incommunicable. This is how we touch the people whom we would

mould in life into our likeness. And that, the real essential man, lives onward in a way which no species of photogravure or copperplate engraving in words will manifest."¹

We turn to the other man. It is Archbishop Temple, the man of granite with a little child's heart.

"Know" (he says in his own decided and magisterial way) "that *to be* is infinitely higher than *to do*; that to be thoroughly true is a higher service, and a more lasting service, than to spread the truth; that to be pure in heart brings you nearer to God, does more for your fellow-men, bears a more excellent fruit than a life spent in helping others to be pure; that to be just is more excellent than to aid justice; that to be a Christian makes more Christians than to teach the Gospel."

CHAPTER VI

THINGS WHICH SPOIL OUR WORK

ONE of the most pathetic pictures drawn for us in the Bible is that of the passing of Aaron.² In our impulsive youth it strikes us as being unjust treatment. In our maturer years, when we have learned what human nature is, we see how right the treatment was. Aaron was stripped of his official vestments—another was appointed to take his place—the children of Israel went forward to the promised land without their old high priest, because, with all his usefulness, the man had been weak to the point of disloyalty.

The matter of the golden calf³ shows us what it was which spoiled the work of Aaron. He leaned more to the ways of men than to the ways of God. The popular will in a time of crisis made him do the popular thing. And had it not been for his stronger brother the popular thing would have ended the career of the pilgrim people.

¹ *Life*, p. 437.

² Numbers xx.

³ Exodus xxxii.

Nor can the affair of the golden calf be treated as an exception. It was typical of the whole man. Aaron's special gift was a showy one. He was eloquent.¹ He could move men by his speech as the wind moves the grass of a field. And like the gift of beauty, or the gift of rank and power, Aaron's eloquence had its special perils. It made him vain. It bound him with the bonds of the applause which his oratory called forth.

A case like Aaron's shows us how needful it is to pray that we may be saved from the abuse of whatever gifts God has given us. And that which will help us to use such prayer is the careful cherishing of the thought of trusteeship. God has put in our trust things which belong to Him, and which are to be used for Him. Let a woman with beauty, or a man with wealth, or some one with power, cultivate such a thought, and no shame like that which came to Aaron will be theirs. They may misuse their gifts now and again—they will certainly yield to some of the temptation which their special gift will expose them to, but so long as through all their shortcomings the star in their sky to which they look, and whose guidance they honestly try to follow, is loyalty to God, they shall not lose the Divine Master's smile at the last.

A more common failing in workers, however, than vanity, is unthoroughness. And it is astonishing what good people this spoiling power gets hold of. Clergy who preach like apostles, for example, and yet whose unbusinesslike methods are the common talk of their parishes; churchworkers who consume themselves with zeal, and whose sense of order is weak, and to whom such things as punctuality, dispatch, forethought, and the like are trifles not to be considered; business people who are deeply religious in their character, but not strict in the performance of their business duties—how often these come into our view! Their goodness disarms all harsh criticism. We cannot bear to think that they are seriously wanting in duty

¹ Exodus iv. 14.

to the Divine Master. And yet, if we know them long enough, we shall be compelled to see much failure, great opportunities lost, and human life in its sorest needs unserved, for the simple but the too-sufficient reason that the servers have not been thorough.

Bishop Lightfoot has called attention¹ to the striking variation between what the servants in the parable of the marriage of the king's son were told by their master to do, and what they actually did do. The order was *πορεύεσθε ἐπὶ τὰς διεξόδους τῶν ὁδῶν*, but as regards its fulfilment we read simply *ἐξελθόντες εἰς τὰς ὁδοὺς* (Matt. xxii. 9, 10). "In this change of expression we seem to see a reference to the imperfect work of the human agents as contrasted with the urgent and uncompromising terms of the command which bade them scour the public thoroughfares, following all their outlets." The unthoroughness consisted in the servants searching the highways only, and not troubling to see whom they could discover in the smaller branch roads.

It is a picture in miniature of one of the greatest weaknesses of the whole Christian Church. She has no passion for a full performance of her Lord's commands. She is content with an approximate measure of His will. She has yet to be filled with that eager love which cannot be content with shortage in its work, and must of necessity abound beyond the lines of bare duty.

We come now to a spoiler of good work which caused anxiety in the apostles' days. It is faintheartedness. Throughout the New Testament there is a note of warning to Christians on this subject. It begins with our Lord Himself. "NO man" (He said), "having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God."² It continues in the book of the Acts. "Paul thought not good to take him with them, who departed from them from Pamphylia, and went not with them to the work,"³ is one of the significant records. We find it again and again in the epistles. "Let us not

¹ *On a Fresh Revision of the English New Testament*, p. 76.

² Luke ix. 62.

³ Acts xv. 38.

be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not," is a typical example. And so the note goes on, until in the closing pages of the book of the Revelation it sounds out its thunder to the endangered and trembling Christian of the day, "BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH." Those were times when faintheartedness had some excuse. To resist unto blood for one's religion was then a common trial of faith. In these modern days there is no such excuse. And yet faintheartedness is on the increase among us. Of many a former zealot for Christ the Church has now to mournfully say—

"Blot out his name, then—record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for angels,
One more wrong to man, one more insult to God."¹

If it be asked, "What is the safeguard against all the things which spoil our work for God and our fellow-men?" the answer is not far to seek. The safeguard is always this—more, and still more contact with our Divine Master. He Himself laid down the rule of safety, "Abide in Me—for apart from Me ye can do nothing."² His humility will cure our vanity. His completeness will teach us to be thorough. His fulness of life—life at its best—will make faintheartedness in us a difficult thing.

CHAPTER VII

THE POWER OF SELF-CONSECRATION

"I CONSECRATE Myself."³ It is the utterance of the Master Worker. The consecration of which He speaks was not at the beginning of His service on earth, but as the Cross drew near. There had been previous acts of consecration. His first visit to the

¹ Browning: *The Lost Leader*.

² John xv. 4, 5.

³ John xvii. 19. Vide Bishop Westcott in *The Gospel of St. John*.

temple as a boy was one.¹ His baptism was another.² The temptation in the wilderness and its issue were another.³ His all-night vigils⁴ seem to have been fresh acts of the solemn devotion of Himself to the increasingly difficult service of God and man. But on the occasion now before us it is the facing and enduring of the cross to which our Lord gave Himself. "I consecrate Myself for that," He seems to say.

And it was not for Himself that the awful act of self-dedication to the great death was made—it was for others. "For their sakes" (He said) "I consecrate Myself." To fit His apostles for their future work. To make His little Church equal to its great enterprise of invading the world the Master Worker turned Himself, and gave Himself without reserve to the only means by which it could be done. It involved Gethsemane. It had in it the treachery of Judas. It would bring the hiding of the Father's face. But even unto these, "For their sakes" (Christ said) "I consecrate Myself."

The Master Worker's example alone would be sufficient to constitute the law for Christians in the matter of self-consecration for service. It would be unnatural for His servants to do their work with less devotion than He did His.

But there is a further reason why Christian workers should follow their Lord and consecrate themselves as He did. It is the power which such self-consecration secures. To consecrate oneself unto God, to place all we are and have upon the altar of His service, to offer ourselves without reserve for His use, is to gain access to all that God is and all that God can do. His holiness—that works in us and through us when we get close to God with the abandonment of self-consecration; His love—that takes more hold of us and rules us; His truth—that becomes authoritative and compulsive as it never did before. And so with all that God is and does. As we give ourselves to Him,

¹ Luke ii. 42.

² Matt. iii. 13.

³ Matt. iv. 1-11.

⁴ Luke vi. 12; Matt. xiv. 23.

He gives Himself to us. We become increasingly in Him, and He becomes increasingly in us. When this stage has been reached then may we claim as servers to do the works of God—yea, as really, though not in the same infinite measure, as Christ claimed to do them.¹ Nay, may we not go further and say that in some sense the servant of Christ can now do what even He, as the humiliated Son of God, could not do? For are there not the words, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto the Father"?²

Self-consecration with us is to have what the Master Worker could not in the nature of the case have, and that is, the presence of the Representative Man with the Father. This must make a difference over and above what self-consecration could do when He consecrated Himself for others to the Cross. It must add all the pleading force which the finished work of the Divine Mediator can give. It must mean those "gifts for men"³ which He ascended to His Father to receive. Power *from* God, then, is one of the issues of self-consecration. It brings a divine ability to do divine things which nothing else can secure.

But power *for* God is another issue of self-consecration. The present Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Paget, in his *Hallowing of Work*, says that the greatest power which comes to a man who consecrates himself to God for service is the resulting holiness in that man. "It is the one sure way of doing good in our generation. . . . Every soul that is purified and given up to God and to His work releases or awakens energies of which we have no suspicion—energies viewless as the wind; but we can be sure of the result, and we may have glimpses sometimes of the process. Surely there is no power in the world so unerring or so irrepres-sible as the power of personal holiness. All else at times goes wrong, blunders, loses proportion, falls

¹ John xiv. 10.

² John xiv. 12, R.V.

³ Ps. lxxviii. 18; Ephes. iv. 8.

disastrously short of its aim, grows stiff or one-sided, or out of date—but nothing mars or misleads the influence that issues from a pure or unselfish character.”

The Bishop goes on to speak of the thrilling effect which the use of the words, “For their sakes I consecrate myself,” by the late Bishop Lightfoot in an address to ordination candidates at Oxford, had upon him, and of the importance which they had ever had for him since. “They have seemed” (he says) “to mark one’s highest—no, one’s only hope of not failing utterly in such trust as God has given to you and me.”¹

Yes; the thought is a true one. Our consecration of ourselves to God, and the loyalty with which we remain true to the act, constitute the only line of safety and of efficiency as we try to do the work God has entrusted to us. It is true of parents, who are anxious for the highest welfare of their children; it is true of clergy who feel their responsibility as shepherds of Christ’s sheep; it is true of the school-master who would win his pupils for the best things; it is true of the employer who realizes his human and Christian relations to his employés.

Consecration of oneself to God and His will, together with the solemn renewal of the consecration as staleness and worldliness creep in—this is the secret of power with God and with men. This constitutes principedom in the realm of spiritual things. We then become as agents whom God can specially use. We are then entitled to take to ourselves the ordaining words, “As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you.”²

We can go forth as from the Presence having with us the power of the Presence, and making men feel that whatever our human infirmities may be, God is with us, and God does speak through us unto them of His will.

¹ The words were spoken to a gathering of masters in public schools.

² John xx. 21.

CHAPTER VIII

WHY GOD IS CEASING TO MAKE GREAT MEN

THE present age is much railed at as being an age of mediocrity. Genius, it is pointed out, has departed. No stupendous deeds are now possible. Human life has become a plain unbroken by high mountains of personality and character.

Is the change good, or are we to regard it as evil? Does it mean progress or decay? It is good. It means progress. That is our interpretation of the absence of men and women of abnormal capacity in these present days. Hitherto human life has been in that state of pupillage which needs outstanding leaders and teachers. To-day it has reached a stage of education and experience when it can, and ought to carry out in practical work the things shown to us as possible by the great men of old, or laid down for us as principles of thinking and doing by the teachers in whom the Spirit of God dwelt. Thus considered, it is not a misfortune but a distinction to live in an age which has passed the days when great men were necessary. It means that school-time for the race is over. The period of independence and self-effort has come.

Whether this view of the situation be sound or not, we can at least attempt to do the work of the world as faithful men and women, even though greatness should never be reached by us. And after all it is better for the world that its people should be faithful than that they should be great. It can prosper and be happy without great men. It cannot do this without good men.

When great men came at intervals to the world, it was that God might show by conspicuous examples what human life is capable of becoming. To-day God is making common what in them was special. Instead of concentrating wisdom, originality, insight, inspiration, courage, ability, opportunity, high feeling and the

like upon a few, may we not think that His plan is now to disperse abroad these gifts among the many, so that it is no longer men as individuals who are to become great, but rather man in the aggregate?

This is why Browning sings—

“Make no more giants, O Lord,
But elevate the race.”

If the thought is a true one, it is easy to see how *Life as Service* becomes thereby every man's ideal and duty. The ordinary man who fancies that he has no talent, or no opportunity for using it, can no longer excuse himself from contributing to the welfare of human life at large. The absence of the ten-talent men and the fewness of the men with five talents bring into prominence the need which the community has of its two-talent and one-talent men.

And in these modern days, when Collectivism is becoming the adopted hope of the masses, the two- and one-talent men and women ought not to be backward to serve. And, indeed, they are not. Never before have the common people been so filled with a sense of their importance to the State as they are to-day. And never before has the State opened its doors of place and power to people of humble standing and ordinary gifts.

It is phenomenal. It is hopeful. God is elevating the race. Humanity is rising not through outstanding individuals, but in the mass.

If this conviction takes increasing hold of men's minds—if it becomes, as there seems good reason to believe that it will become, a popular view, then there need be no fear for the outcome of all the agitation for enlarged opportunity of self-government now going on in India and elsewhere. It is the ferment of growing life. It is the travail of higher birth.

CHAPTER IX

ENTHUSIASM

IN the eighteenth century Enthusiasm was as a thing "born out of due time." It came in the work of Wesley and Whitfield, but that generation was not ready for it, and did its best to quench it as "strange fire." To be earnest in those days was to be offensive. "Any indiscreet fervour of devotion, or too intense an application of the mind to its mistaken duties," wrote the gentle Addison in the *Spectator*,¹ "deserves our compassion. . . . Devotion, when it does not lie under the check of reason, is very apt to degenerate into enthusiasm."

This was the way even good men of learning talked at that time. The age had lost hold of the principle of the ancient words, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."² and the consequence was there was no keenness in public life nor fervour in religion. Zeal was looked upon as dangerous. Never to exceed the moderate was considered to be the duty of every citizen and every Christian.

How different it is to-day! Enthusiasm is welcomed everywhere. No public man can succeed unless he is earnest. No religious life is regarded as genuine if it has no zeal. No success in business is possible without energy.

Such is the change which has come over our English life since the dreary days of the eighteenth century.

In pressing for enthusiasm as an indispensable element of serving, therefore, we are not urging a condition which is likely to meet with opposition. The general feeling of the day is entirely in favour of such a condition, and, indeed, it would be the first to condemn any serving which had no enthusiasm in it. But from whence shall our enthusiasm for serving come, and how shall it be maintained? This is the important

¹ No 201, Oct. 20, 1711.

² Eccles. ix. 10.

point for settlement in our time. Our answer is that the fire of God, which we call enthusiasm, will kindle into answering flame any heart which is humbly submitted to God for His entrance and use. And the same fire of God will maintain the enthusiasm so long as the heart keeps up its communion with God. Nothing less than this will meet our need for zeal as servers, and for the continuance of the Divine kindling as our serving goes on.

It is sometimes said that to have enthusiasm we need the Ideal. "One great thought breathed into a man may regenerate him," says Channing.¹ "The idea of Freedom in ancient and modern Republics, the idea of Inspiration in various religious sects, how have these triumphed over worldly interests! How many heroes and martyrs have they formed! Great ideas are mightier than the passions."

In a similar strain Dr. Martineau urges that "the animating spring of all improvement in individuals and in societies is not their knowledge of the actual, but their concept of the possible."²

We do not forget the part which the Ideal has played in producing enthusiasm. It has done much to serve the needs of the human race. But what is the ever-attendant weakness of the Ideal? It is this—it does not, because it cannot *of itself* move men's souls into responsive obedience.

Its very existence as the highest and best conceivable—its beauty wherewith it allures men on—its authoritativeness as that which the soul feels it ought to submit to—its reliableness as that which will not mock men with illusions—all these are from One who, as the great personal force of the spiritual, is the Creator of the Ideal, and, therefore, it is to Him that we must look for our enthusiasm—for its first fire, also for its continued kindling. The Ideal is as much a creature as the Sun. And just as we use the Sun, remembering its subordination as an agent of the Creator, so we use

¹ *On the Education of the Working Classes.*

² *Essays on Factors of Spiritual Growth in Modern Society.*

the Ideal, remembering from whence comes its authority and appeal.

What such writers as Channing and Dr. Martineau attribute to the Ideal, the Bible attributes to the Holy Spirit of God. And what is commonly called enthusiasm is in its best forms really Inspiration, which is only another name for the breathing in men and the working through men of the Holy Ghost.

It is safer to keep to the Bible method. The special danger which attends the too-frequent use of such an impersonal term as Ideal, when the highest and best things are meant, is that either intentionally or unintentionally the all-important fact of the Holy Spirit's presence and work in human life is obscured. This may not be a great evil to Unitarians like Channing and Dr. Martineau, because in their case the blessed Trinity in the Godhead is not acknowledged. But to Christians who regard that great reality as among the most vital of the Church's convictions, to think or talk exclusively about the Ideal, when what we really mean is the serving in human life of the Holy Ghost, is to be guilty of mischievous confusion. And, therefore, we say that to be inspired for service we need, as even the Master Worker Jesus Himself did, to have in us the realized and turned-to help of the Holy Spirit, and to have such inspiration manifesting itself as enthusiasm, (the God in us, as the derivation of the word really means,) we need further what the Apostle calls the habitual walking "by the Spirit,"¹ or, as he puts it in another place, the "communion of the Holy Ghost."² He kindles God's fire in us. He maintains the Divine heat. He makes effectual upon others and for the help of others what is burning in our own souls.

¹ Gal. v. 16.

² 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

CHAPTER X

"ARE YOU A PRODUCER?"—THE NEW TEST OF HUMAN LIFE

WHETHER we like it or not, it is one of the certainties of our day that the Socialistic standard of usefulness, as constituting a man or woman's chief right to live, will be thrust forward more and more to the front as the years pass by.

The clergy, and indeed all religious workers, are even now being challenged to measure themselves by the standard. One of the common charges flung at the parson is the taunt, "You are not a producer."¹ The indictment does the parson no harm. It gives him a fruitful opportunity to discuss with the challenger what production really means. It enables the parson to show that as surely as the man who causes two blades of grass to grow where one formerly grew is a producer, so surely does that man or that woman produce whose example and work help to make human life cleaner, more self-respecting, and increasingly thoughtful for others.

As yet the working-classes in the main have limited ideas of what being a producer means. Their vision seldom travels beyond the material. Production to them is mostly confined to the associations of industry or trade.

The time, however, is near when even the man in the street will recognize that the life of a man is more than raiment; that character is more than food; and that whosoever ministers to the religious needs of life, and to the formation of character, is a producer too important and valuable for the State to lose.

¹ It is the cry which Carlyle had raised so far back as 1832, In that year he wrote in the now-famous *Sartor Resartus*: "I too would now say to myself, Be no longer a chaos, but a world, or even worldkin. Produce! Produce! were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name." Book II. chap. ix.

At present the challenge of the words "Are you a producer?" has a sharp edge. It cuts and wounds. It is used as the weapon of a party. In time the sharp edge will wear off. Men will learn to put the question with brotherly feeling, and then the test will become a commonly accepted standard, having no limitation of party, and one by which all men and women may try themselves.

In the meantime it may well be asked: Is not the rise of the new test a reassertion of an ancient principle? Is it not a fresh manifestation of the old truth, "The God that answereth by fire, let him be God"?¹ Not even God is to be God unless He produces results worthy of Deity. And what is true of God is also in this matter true of man. No man can rightly claim to be classed and honoured as a man unless he produces results worthy of manhood. The principle is as old as creation. Unhappily it is not always allowed to be operative. It is often suppressed, and then periods of stagnation or decline come to human life. And it is not till some such result as Socialism represents takes place that the outraged principle finds opportunity and expression again.

There is much going on in religious life which calls for the fierce challenge of the words, "Are you a producer?" Punctiliousness about ritual, which has no zeal for good works. Orthodoxy which is convulsed by the smallest approach to error, but which has no bowels of compassion for human need. Piety which soars to the transcendental, and goes on long expensive pilgrimages to discover further possibilities of godliness, and yet which has no personal service for its next-door slums, where "decency is impossible, and morality a miracle"—these invite and deserve all the scorn of the words "*Are YOU a producer?*"

Unfortunately the scorn is not discriminating. It is poured on true religion and untrue religion as though both were equally guilty of criminal barrenness. Like

¹ 1 Kings xviii. 24.

an unskilful use of "weed-killer," it is allowed to burn the good as well as the evil.

However, the thing will right itself in time. True Religion can bear rough usage, so long as the final issue is likely to be an improvement of religion in the matter of doing those "good works" which, as we say to God in the service of "Holy Communion," "Thou hast prepared for us to walk in." And while the rough usage is upon her, True Religion will, we may be sure, see to it that her Lord's own answer—"he that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit"¹—is given to the scorn.

CHAPTER XI

THE MASTERSHIP OF JESUS

"ONE is your Master, even the Christ."² It is the Lord's own utterance. We need to give it due place in our religious life. There is real danger of that Mastership of Jesus being forgotten. It is so easy to be engrossed with His Saviourhood. Our weaknesses and desire all tend that way. The soft and sensuous nature of much of our modern worship contributes to the same. The hymns we sing—the music we hear—the usual type of preaching addressed to us—the prayers we use—all emphasize that Jesus saves rather than He rules.

It is different in the New Testament. There the authority of Jesus is as prominent as His delivering grace. We should see it more than we do if we looked for it. But as the sick man looks for the physician, so we men and women, conscious of our sins, look most to the Divine history for its aspects of God as the sinner's friend.

The Mastership of Jesus is as necessary to us as the Saviourhood of Jesus. Without it we should never learn our serving. To think of what He can do for

¹ John xv. 5.

² Matt. xxiii. 10, R.V.

us, and to think of nothing of what we can do for Him, would be to miss not merely privilege, but that oneness with Himself which comes from doing His will.

The Mastership of our Lord seems to have laid its spell upon the first disciples before they became conscious of His Saviourhood. The opening chapters of St. John's Gospel show the process by which the personality of the Lord impressed His earliest converts. John the Baptist himself was won by the authority which he perceived was in Him whom he baptized. It was the evidence in our Lord that He was the long waited-for Messiah which made John give place to Him. Before the new Mastership thus presented to him he said, "I must decrease, He must increase. I baptize with water. He shall baptize with fire. This is the Son of God."¹

It was the same process which won the Apostles Andrew and John and Peter, and the rest. The Saviourhood of the Lord was not yet discovered. It was the felt force of His right to teach, and to lead, and to command which at the beginning of their relations with Christ operated. It was this which constituted the spell of the words, "Follow Me." The words were as the power which draws hither and thither the tides of the sea. They were the voice of the Soul of the Infinite as it turned to attract to itself the souls of the first Christian servers.

It is impressive to trace out this subduing note of Mastership in what the Gospels tell us of Christ. It won for Him the first act of human worship after He had entered upon His public work. "Rabbi," cried Nathaniel, startled by the new Teacher's power to see men's most secret thoughts and acts, "Thou art the Son of God. Thou art the King of Israel."² It astonished the crowds who gathered to hear Him speak.³ Unlike their usual teachers, "He spoke a final truth, laid down an ultimate law." It made vast claims. The rights of father, of mother, and of children were to give

¹ John i. 34.

² *Ibid.* 49.

³ Matt. vii. 28.

way to them.¹ That the claims are often unheeded does not invalidate them. Like the call of duty they never become obsolete. Men's obedience may fail. Christ's Mastership cannot fail. And what is most noteworthy is that even when Christ's claims on men's serving are refused there is, as was the case with the rich young ruler, consciousness, and sometimes acknowledgment that the claims are true. In the case of the rich young ruler it was not that the Mastership of Christ was not binding upon him. His whole attitude confessed it was. It was rather a case of which was to have the day—his riches, and all that they meant, or the new Teacher.

Two more features remain for us to notice in the New Testament presentation of the Mastership of Jesus. One is its right to correct men's wrong ideas of God's law, even when those ideas have received the sanction of long usage and church patronage. In the Sermon on the Mount our Lord did not hesitate to say, "It was said of them of old time. . . . *But I say unto you.*"² The Jews had never been confronted by such Mastership as this. The entire history of religion can present no parallel to it. Its individuality is unique. And now comes the most tremendous of all the manifold aspects of the Mastership of Jesus—its repeatedly asserted supremacy in the final Judgment Day. "When once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door," our Lord said in words referring to Himself, "and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and He shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are."³

Could Mastership go beyond this? Has any founder of a religion, of whom we have historical certainty, ever constituted Himself the Judge of the human race like this?

Such in bare outline is the Mastership of Christ as shown us in the Gospels.

¹ Matt. x. 37.

² Matt. v. 22.

³ Luke xiii. 25, etc.

Is there adequate place for such Mastership in the Christian religion of to-day? We cannot say so. The common type of life called Christian does not show it. The teaching now current in the churches fails to give it due prominence.

And yet the Mastership of Jesus as we have just seen it has those who submit to it even in these modern times. These can take George Herbert's words and truly say—

“How sweetly doth ‘my Master’ sound! ‘my Master!’
As ambergris leaves a rich scent

Unto the taste,
So do these words a sweet content,
An Oriental fragrantcy, ‘my Master!’”

And as the Mastership of Christ thus subdues them, it assimilates them; it passes its own sweet virtues into them; and then men bear witness of them that they are fragrant Christians. They are an odour of the excellency of the Mastership of Him who came to save and to rule.

CHAPTER XII

SERVING IN BEING SERVED

THERE is as true service for God and for the human race among those whose lot it is to *bear* as among those whose privilege it is to *do*. Nay, it would not be difficult to show that for high forms of courage—for noble deeds—for splendid heroism—for glorious faith—for beautiful acts of love—for things which inspire—for approximation to the Christ-life—for fruitful teaching, and the like, you must turn not to the active, but to those who are forced to lie still—not to the strong, but to those whose daily portion it is to be weak—not to those who minister, but to those whose condition is such that they of painful necessity must be ministered to. Yes—

"God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."¹

Milton never uttered a more vibrating truth than this. It has made music for despairing hearts. It has enabled sufferers bound, as Heine was, to a "mattress grave," to smile and softly sing. The truth which Milton sings is pre-eminently Christian. Epictetus—the Pagan—could endure cheerfully a crippled body and a slave's experiences because he believed it was the will of the gods. But his faith was stoical. There was no tenderness of trusting love in it. He could not believe, because he did not know that "all things work together for good to them that love God,"² who Himself is love. He could not conceive, because in his day the Divine idea had not taken hold of men's minds, that to suffer can be made an opportunity of special partnership with the Son of God, and that by suffering it is possible to fill up in some measure "that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ . . . for his body's sake, which is the Church."³

He could not see, because human society had not then begun to show that men and women are meant by the will of God to be members of one Body—the Body of Christ—and that as sharers in the Body of Christ even the sick and the afflicted can help the corporate life of the great Body by the spirit in which they endure, and the faith and love with which they accept their experiences.

The world has travelled far in teaching and knowledge and attainments since Epictetus' day. But in nothing is the progress more marked than it is in this matter of what serving the served can do, and actually do, for God and the race.

More progress, however, has still to be made. And

¹ Milton, *On his Blindness*.

² Rom. viii. 28.

³ Coloss. i. 24, R.V.

as each invalid—each crippled one—each prisoner to weakness accepts the blessed fact that God can be served by lying still and trustfully accepting the Divine will, the progress grows more. A terrible temptation which tortures some permanent invalids is the thought that they are a useless and irksome burden upon their friends, and on human society in general. And among these there are those to whom the temptation comes with the added cruelty of weariness of the burden shown by their friends.

But even in such a case let the served take heart by this thought, that when the burden chafes those upon whom the served is dependent, the one whose affliction constitutes the burden may still do some serving. It is serving, if only a natural lack of proper affection is endured. It is serving, if when mother and father forsake us, and husband or wife grow cold to us, we cast ourselves upon Him, whose patience is never exhausted, and whose love it is impossible to tire.

To turn, however, to more normal cases—what angel-like service has been rendered by some who have called themselves useless ones! That giant among men—the late Archbishop Temple—was never so well served—never so moved to the highest things—never melted into such tenderness as when he had under his roof at Rugby School his feeble mother—then more than eighty years of age.¹ When she was called away it was as if an inspiring presence had left him. And so it has been with many a consumptive wife or crippled child. These have served the servers. They have made life more real. They have brought heaven near. They have filled a home with prayer in which there was too little prayer before. They have stood between the Living and the dying, to witness to the Living and thus to quicken the dying.

¹ "Before prayer-time she would latterly retire to her room, but her granddaughter, who slept in an adjoining room, would hear Dr. Temple come up to his mother's room and read by her bedside the 51st Psalm, the Collect for the 21st Sunday after Trinity, and the Lord's Prayer, and then, without more words, leave her to rest" (*Life*, Vol. I., p. 232).

When such servers as these go from us we are made poorer than we know. If we would not become worsened by our loss, we shall creep closer to Him to whom they have passed, and humbly say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. *Blessed be the name of the Lord.*"¹ In answer to a prayer of this sort, with its mingled worship of sorrowful thankfulness and yet adoring faith, God will come nearer to us, and we shall become more fully God's, and thus those who served us by their very dependence upon us, help us still further by their going away.

CHAPTER XIII

"SURSUM CORDA"²

THERE are those who tell us to lift up our hearts to Nature for comfort and inspiration when despair comes to us, and we are tempted to cease our efforts to do good. Wordsworth, Thoreau, Walt Whitman, Emerson, and Matthew Arnold have all preached this gospel.

And for lack of a better it is a good gospel. Who has not been soothed by the quiet of some peaceful rural scene? What thoughtful mind has not been touched to fine issues by the message and appeal of the stars? It would argue poor sensibility on our part could we not re-echo Wordsworth's faith when he says—

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her : 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy.

For she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts,

That neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all

¹ Job i. 21.

² "Lift up your hearts."

The dreary intercourse of daily life
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessing."¹

All this most thinking people have put to the test and found to be true. Nature is sympathetic with man. Human life can be cheered and helped by communion with what is beautiful or impressive in the universe.

But the soul of man yearns for more than this. It crieth for the living God. Nothing less than access to Him who made Nature will satisfy our human instincts. As Augustine nearly fifteen centuries ago so finely expressed it: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee."

And, therefore, we hold that our Church of England Communion Service is truer to the needs of men when it says, "Sursum corda"—"Lift up your hearts"; and when it further teaches us to respond, "We lift them up unto the Lord."

The Lord Himself is the Supreme Worker. In power, in accomplished tasks, in present operations He is unique. And yet He is not so unique that He does not know and does not feel the needs of every subordinate server. It is this blessed fact which gives us hope as we lift up our hearts to the Lord. He knows. He feels. He will therefore give. Our hearts shall not descend to the earth empty and unblessed. The heart of the Eternal shall deal with them, and pass into them as much of its love and its grace as our poor hearts can receive and use.

And as our hearts are thus renewed, so our service shall become more worthy of Him we serve. The chief reason why our work for God and man is so unworthy is because we do so little of this lifting of our hearts to the Lord. We remain low in our heart-life, and consequently the issues of our heart-life are low also. What Milton says in his sonorous and picturesque sen-

¹ *The Old Cumberland Beggar.*

tences of the Nation is true of every Christian citizen. "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: Methinks I see her as an Eagle renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain of heavenly radiance; while the noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms."¹ To rouse, to shake off all unworthy things, to renew our soul at the high source from which our divine life comes—this will make the worker more than equal to his tasks—this will conquer all opposing evil—this will bring the answer to the ancient prayer: "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us, yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it."²

It was the method of the early Church. Read its history in the Book of the Acts of the Apostles, and there it will be seen that from the first act of "*sursum corda*" at the Ascension, to the preaching of the new gospel by that solitary Apostle at Rome, the one religious act which the Church in those days did more frequently than any other was to look up to the Lord. And what miracles of blessings for the world followed! How divine was the quality of the Christian life produced by it! Was ever such service done for God and man since?

The golden age of Christian serving was in the days when "*Sursum corda*" had of necessity to be a continual act on the part of Christian people.

¹ *Areopagitica*.

² Ps. xc. 17.

CHAPTER XIV

WHAT THE UNEMPLOYED AMONG THE MONEYED CLASSES
LOSE IN NOT SEEKING WORK

THERE are as real tragedies among well-to-do people for want of useful work as there are among poor people who are done to death by overmuch work. Of the two the former are most pitiable. They are so needless. They mean such terrible waste. They might easily have been blessings and not calamities. One of the saddest sights, it always seems to us, is that of the many lone women who are to be seen at home in England and at Continental resorts in a vain search for happiness. They are conspicuously of the better class of unemployed. They are in a sorrowful sense consumers. In their hearts there is a lurking consciousness that they ought to be producers of some sort. They can never honestly say to themselves that they are fulfilling the purpose for which they were born. Conscience warns them, and their own unsatisfied souls tell them that they ought to minister, and not to yield to the selfish existence of being only ministered to. But pride hinders, or the fear of what others will think has sway. And thus the dishonourable unemployment goes on.

Of such unfortunate persons it must be said, "they have their reward." They retain their position as members of the prosperous leisured classes; they pass muster in the fashionable crowd as violating none of the rules of "good form." But that is all. The reward reaches no further. And the LOSS—what is that? It is too great for words. But it can be seen. Their discontented faces—their querulous speech—their empty lives—their manifest lack of a high purpose—their equally evident subjection to the world on its poorest side—all proclaim what they have missed.

When we see such cases there comes to us the old Greek fable of him who was chained hand and foot to

a rock.¹ "There came an eagle also, that every day sat tearing upon his liver and wasting it. But as much as was eaten in the day grew again in the night, that matter for torment to work upon might never decay" (Sir Francis Bacon's *The Wisdom of the Ancients*).

The man or woman who has leisure or means, and is able to work, and yet who surrenders to an existence of so-called ease and pleasure is as truly bound, and as really preyed upon in the finer parts of their human nature, as the victim in the Greek fable. The experience is the same, and the destruction is worse. The loss which these poor unfortunates voluntarily incur is emphasized by the gain which those secure who, having means and leisure, make their hand find something to do whereby there may come betterment to human life. It may be only the old-fashioned method of finding out some bed-ridden sufferer to visit or read to, or it may be the more modern work of ministering in a city's slums. But whatever it be, so long as another is helped by it to look upward and to strive Godward—the server is in the path by which blessing comes.

So far we have had in view the case of the leisured woman who could serve God in serving humanity, and does not. Consequently she wastes her womanhood in ways that cry aloud of the tragedies which are born of the waste. It is a case which moves one's sorrow to its depths. For women more than men have gifts for just that kind of serving which humanity at large most pines for and needs. To them belong in special manner the tenderness, the sympathy, the insight, the tact, the loving deeds, which make up the best serving of the wounded and weak of mankind. And when these are withheld—when the trusteeship of such gifts is not faithful—human life is robbed grievously and suffers greatly.

But it is not only leisured women who rob poor humanity of service which it sorely needs. Leisured

¹ Prometheus.

men of the prosperous classes also commit the same crime. Of these it is difficult not to say harsh words. In the days of ancient Rome there were satirists who dealt with such offenders against mankind. Horace pricked them with his jests. Juvenal lashed them with his scorn. It was all in vain. The plague was not stayed. The evil went on until the Goths came.

In these modern times we have no satirist capable enough to flog the follies and vices of the well-to-do unemployed. We have that which is better. It is the presence among such unemployed of noble workers, whose self-sacrificing labours for mankind make their non-working caste-fellows uneasy, and force upon them the feeling that they ought to be different, and that they are miserably wrong in their relations to God and their fellow-creatures. The late Lord Shaftesbury was such a worker. He had means and opportunity for fashionable pleasure, or for political power and fame. He turned his back on both, and from early manhood to extreme old age he slaved for the poor and him that hath no helper as few have done since the world began.

The results were as great among his own class as among the common people. He set a noble example of what the leisured rich can do. He made it more difficult for the leisured rich not to do some service for mankind. And so since his day it has become common for men and women of the upper classes to identify themselves with the fortunes and interests of the poorest poor. Lord Shaftesbury's family motto—"LOVE, SERVE," is now no unmeaning sentiment among aristocrats. It does operate. It is winning victories over selfishness among the leisured rich which no satire could accomplish. It emphasizes with modern force the truth uttered by an aristocrat of the ancient world, "For a mortal to help a mortal is the essence of deity (*Deus est mortali juvare mortalem*), and this is the way to the eternal glory. By this faith the chiefs of Rome advanced" (Plin., *His. Nat.*, II. 7).

CHAPTER XV

THE CHURCH AS A SPHERE AND AN ADMINISTRATION
OF SERVICE

THE method of Jesus Christ as the great Server is to attach men to Himself, and then to use them through His Church for the help of the outlying world. We see the method in the calling of the Apostles, also in the growth therefrom of the Church, and once more in the activities of the latter as a missionary system wherever human life had gathered itself. *From Christ—through the Church—unto the world*—this is the line along which Christian service is meant to run. A break in the order may be fatal. To leave out one of the three connections must necessarily mean incompleteness with its consequent weakness. For example, to serve in the Church, and not to be consciously joined to Christ as the Divine Head of the Church—this clearly is fatal. No divine life can come to the worker, for the simple reason that the necessary union has not been made. For did not our Lord Himself say, "Apart from me" (lit. "severed from me") "ye can do nothing"? ¹

Again, to be truly joined to Christ, and yet not to regard His Church as the proper sphere in and from which to do all service for Him—this is not fatal, but it is a defect of an unnatural kind. It is bohemianism in religion. It is playing the gipsy, when the Divine plan and will are that Christians should act the part and do the work of the settled dweller.

Once more, to be in real union with Christ, and also to be an intelligent and enthusiastic member of His Church, and yet not to seek to influence the outer world from the vantage ground of the Church, and by means of the agencies of the Church—this is not fatal—it hardly comes under the head of the unnatural—nevertheless it is disloyal. For the serving done by our Lord was for the world. The most precious

¹ John xv. 5.

message Christians have to deliver is that the human birth, and earthly life, and atoning death, and triumphant resurrection, and glorious ascension and present work of their Master are all for the world. To neglect to do our share of so working in and by the Church as not to affect the world is therefore to be outside the great words, "Ye are the salt of the earth"¹; "Ye are the light of the world."² To claim to be joined to Christ, and to share in membership with His Church, and yet to do nothing for the winning of all that is still apart from the Church is to court the fate of those to whom the Lord will one day say, "I NEVER KNEW YOU."³

The Church as the sphere of service in the aforementioned ways is generally admitted. But the Church as an administration of service is not so generally realized. To listen to the Socialism of these modern days is to be told that the Church is not an effective means of service for the nation and for the race. It is too other-worldly. It is not sufficiently of the earth in its ideas and aims. It takes men's minds off the present and holds them to the future. And because it does this, therefore the charge of the Socialists is that the Church is not only useless to the community it tries to serve, but actually mischievous. In the face of so serious a charge it becomes necessary to justify the Church's claim to be useful in a pre-eminent degree to man. The great Napoleon had no doubt about the service which the Christian Church can render to humanity. He was not religious himself, but when the time came for him to reconstitute the State after the chaos brought by that unhappy experiment in Socialism—the French Revolution—he took infinite pains to use the help which the Church could give him in re-making the State.⁴ Modern Socialists have yet to learn the wisdom of the non-religious Emperor.

¹ Matt. v. 13.

² *Ibid.* 14.

³ Matt. vii. 23.

⁴ The *Concordat*, as the religious settlement was called, has lasted to our own days. It was entirely the personal work of Bonaparte himself.

Happily, there are signs of the necessary change, for a few of their number are now beginning to ask whether it is not a mistake to ignore the religious instincts in human nature, and whether it would not be better if the Church were captured for Socialism.

Like all great systems whose object is the subduing of public favour to their interests Socialism will improve by experience. And among the things which we may hope it will learn will be the fact that the religion which has made it possible for such a movement as Socialism to be tolerated, and some of whose distinctive principles it now unconsciously uses, is not destined to give place to it, but rather that submission should come from the younger to the older—from the lesser to the greater, as that in which the yielding system will find its true life and its best development.

As an administration of service the Church is nowhere seen to better advantage than in those neighbourhoods where life is most afflicted, and least able to develop the powers for good which are in it. Take, for example, the places in this country where housing is a crying evil; where a degrading form of poverty is the unavoidable portion of the vast majority of the citizens; where industrialism and the factory system are to be seen at their worst; where, also, the surroundings are all gloomy and sordid; where, in a word, human existence is one long-continued sigh—and then ascertain what the Church does in such places and among such people. The measure of it may be approximated by imagining what would happen were the Church and its agencies to be suddenly withdrawn. The quality of it may be tested by going to live for some adequate time with the Church as she does her work, and passes out her influence in our English slums.

That influence does not primarily operate for the correction of social evils. Its first mission is to give motive and power to enable men and women who are the sufferers from such evils to become their best in spite of the evils. In this way the Church is the prin-

cial producer of that element in human nature in slum neighbourhoods which holds in leash the wild beast in that nature, and thus prevents it from having its way.

And yet let it not be thought that the Church does nothing to remove social evils. By the improvement it works in slum humanity; by the young lives it rescues and sends out to better neighbourhoods, there to rise, in many cases, to prosperity and usefulness; by its large and continued appeal to the nation not to neglect its duty to the vast suffering populations which all our great cities mean; by the effect of this appeal upon Christians at large, upon the universities and public schools, upon public opinion, and upon the Legislature—the Church has probably done more to effect a deep and lasting change for the better in the matter of social evils than any other national organization. And, therefore, we urge that to serve Christ in His Church is really to serve man in all his needs. And to let our religious life find its expression through the Church's manifold ministries is to multiply our usefulness by the measure of all that the Church means.

CHAPTER XVI

THE MERCY OF WORK

DOES it ever occur to us to put in our prayers a thanksgiving to God for the goodness of His provision for us in work? ¹ It ought to be part of our worship. From work much of the happiness of human life springs. It comes out in the workman who cheerily whistles as he lays his bricks or pushes his barrow. From sheer enjoyment of the use of his powers the man's heart feels glad, and so he whistles or he sings.

And then, too, is there not a fitness that as man fulfils his office as a server in the universe there should

¹ "Work is heaven's best!"—Jean Ingelow.

come satisfaction to him? Is it not a concord which belongs to the vaster music of the words, "*And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good*"?¹ We believe it is. As the Supreme Worker rejoiced over His works, so the under-worker proves his connection with the over-worker by the keen pleasure which useful work brings to him.

But if work brings joy it also invests with dignity. In the case of not a few men and women it may truly be said that they are only dignified when they are at their daily toil. Go and see them in their factories, or in their office, and you will be impressed by their bearing, their skill, and their earnestness. Go and see them when work time is finished, or on holiday occasions, and you will marvel at the looseness and lazy vulgarity which are upon them. Away from the stimulus of work they fall into a *deshabille* of their entire manhood or womanhood, as if they were no longer in the great Taskmaster's eye. In such men and women there is no inspiring thought of the privilege of work. For the smaller part of their lives only is it allowed to uphold them with its discipline, and to dignify them with its worth. In such cases one could almost wish that work were always with them to keep them from sinking down to their lower selves.

But it is in its consolatory office that the mercy of work is best seen. What revelations come out in biographies on this subject! How frequent it is that we are told in these that for forgetfulness of some terrible trouble this man and that turned to his literary work, or to his soldiering, or to his painting, or to his Church-serving. And as the work was done soothing came to the poor wounded soul. Thomas Carlyle's grief at the tragic death of his roughly used, but deeply loved wife is an instance of this. As long as he had to think of what must come to him with future years in the form of loss he was maddened by remorse and the overwhelming sense of his desolated love. But as soon

¹ Gen. i. 31.

as he could give himself to work relief came.¹ Existence became more tolerable. Acceptance of his bitter lot and determination to endure it with submission to the will of God became possible. It sometimes happens that such a blow as came to Carlyle removes our work as well as removes the precious life on which our happiness is built. Such an experience is that of a daughter who for many years has ministered night and day to an aged parent. Alas! for such an one when love and work both depart. The stroke is a double one. It makes sore the soul. It makes bare and lone the life. Happy for such an afflicted one if she can resolutely seek some other serving of God and human need. To allow grief to close one's active service will make the affliction much more devastating than it need be. To rise up from grief to begin other ministering will be to turn loss into gain, and sorrow into peace.

"Consider how" (says Carlyle) "even in the meanest sorts of labour the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, all these, like hell dogs, lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day worker, as of every man; but he bends himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of labour is in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!"

"Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness."²

¹ Writing soon after the tragedy to a sympathizing friend, Carlyle said: "I try to keep myself in what I fondly call my work, of a weak kind, fitted to my weakness. That is my anchor if it will hold." *Life*. (In London.) Vol. II. p. 319.

² *Past and Present*, Book III. chap. ii.

CHAPTER XVII

THE ABUSE OF WORK

THERE are those to whom work has become a drug. They intoxicate themselves with the excitement of doing. And like all drug habits, the more they yield to what fascinates them, the more they are held by the spell. Their case reminds one of the Japanese description of the drink habit.

“First the man takes a drink,
Then the drink takes a drink—
Then the drink takes the man!”¹

America seems to be the country where the vice of drugging oneself with excessive work most prevails. But we English people have our full share of it. In London and in all our great cities the victims of it are a multitude which no man can number. The race for wealth produces them. The vulgar praise of wealth encourages them. If ever the time comes when the possession of great wealth will be regarded as a misfortune, then the crime of drugging one's manhood or womanhood for the purpose of thereby amassing money will be rare.

The vice, however, is not confined to money-makers. It may be seen in those who care nothing for riches. Church-workers, literary people, domestic servants (both up-stairs and down-stairs) are among the victims of the work drug. There is no real need for the excessive labour of these. Indeed, they would do more if they did less. But the fever is on them, and it will require a breakdown and a forced cessation from all work before its power is broken.

Another common abuse of work is the doing of work for work's sake. Martha, the sister of Lazarus, seems to have fallen into this snare. Housekeeping had

¹ Epictetus puts it in another way—“Man, thou hast forgotten thine object; thy journey was not *to* this, but *through* this.”

become the all-absorbing interest in her life. She was "cumbered about much serving."¹ Not even the presence of the Divine Master Himself under her roof could make her suspend her usual domestic business to sit at His feet and to catch some of the precious treasure of His words. And what was worse, the yoke which she had imposed upon herself she sought in an offensive manner to fasten upon another, who was more worthily occupied. The Lord was to be deprived of His one attendant and listener, and Mary was to lose the golden opportunity, for what? That the housekeeping might not suffer, and that a simple meal might be prepared. Truly, the Master's words, "Martha, Martha, thou art anxious and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful: for Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken away from her,"² were deserved. In doing her serving Martha had lost communion with the Divine Master she was professing to serve. The serving had unconsciously become more than the Served.

Doing work solely for what is within the bounds of work is an abuse which has got large hold of the artistic world. "*Art for Art's sake*"—how often the phrase occurs! What a rallying cry it has become! But it is largely wrong. It leaves out of sight the great ends of universal serving. It is a denial of the Over-all, and His will and ways. It is a claim of one part of the body corporate to act without reference to the remaining parts. It is not seldom used as a justification for setting forth with all the genius of art what clean-minded people are agreed in shrinking from as evil.

It is true that the phrase sometimes stands as an antithesis to "pot-boiling"—by which is meant painting for commercial ends only. "Art for Art's sake" is tolerable enough in this sense. But we like Watts' motto—"My utmost for the Highest," far better. There is no lurking schism in the communion of workers in that. It places Art among all other modes

¹ Luke x. 40, R.V.

² *Ibid.* 41, 42.

of working for and with the supreme Worker. It recognizes and submits to Him as the One who claims to be "*All in all.*"¹

But if there are people who drug themselves with work—and if there are those who make work an end sufficient in itself for human existence—there are also an unfortunate class of people whom work is made to degrade. Such are "the white slaves of Christian England," of whom so much has been said of late. Girls employed amid the revolting surroundings and details of slaughter shambles; women who grub like loathsome creatures in the rubbish yards of a great city; lads and men who are forced to submit to all the varied cruelties of "sweating"—here surely is an abuse of work. Work was meant to be man's joy. Work is one of God's methods for making man more and more like Himself. By his work a man ought to be able to feel that he is in union and partnership with the whole service of Nature.

But what joy—what approximation to the nature of God—what harmony with universal nature are possible to men and women who, to keep body and soul together, must lend themselves to uses which make them forget that they are human? Clearly, life was not meant by the Divine love and wisdom to be such service as this.

Want of proportion is a further abuse of work. It may be due to excessive attention to detail, or it may be caused by absorption in one dominating interest. In both there is conspicuously absent that principle of selection—that process of judgment between necessary and less necessary things which is said to constitute much of the real artist. However this may be, it is certain that for want of judgment as to which tasks are to have attention, and as to how much time and strength are to be given to those tasks, a vast amount of work done in the world is ineffective. How many would-be historians have toiled and produced nothing because they would accumulate immense stores of

¹ 1 Cor. xv. 28.

material before turning any of it to "copy."¹ How many helpers of the poor have used opportunities and power in feeding and clothing their protégés which might have been better used in doing the more difficult but more fruitful work of teaching those protégés to help themselves in these same directions? How many theologians have used up the Scriptures in demonstrating the soundness of their peculiar views, but have failed to give the Scriptures a chance to speak for themselves? In all such cases the work done is immense, but it is spoilt work. Its usefulness is crippled for want of that faithfulness of relation of the part to the whole which goes by the name of proportion.

In this, as in other things, we are taught that besides being willing to work, and in addition to plunging into work, we need wisdom for our work. It is so easy to spoil our duty, even when we make strenuous efforts to do it.

CHAPTER XVIII

GREAT TRIBUTES TO GREAT SERVERS

CARLYLE'S book *On Heroes*, Mark Twain's *Joan of Arc*, and Lord Morley's *Life of Gladstone* are each and all examples of the homage which great service compels from mankind. It matters little whether the server be of another nation or of a distant age. If the service be of heroic quality and measure; if, too, it be such that as ordinary men we can see its value—it will not fail to kindle within us a kindred flame. And when we so burn, it is the Divine in us responding to the Divine in them. It is recognition by us that God was with them. Nay, it is more. It is a real surrender on

¹ The late Lord Acton collected 60,000 volumes to help him to write one book on the *History of Liberty*, and though repeatedly urged by his friends to use his great learning and leisure to proceed with the work, he died (aged 68) before the book was begun. Vide *Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone*, p. 18.

our part to the mission on which they were sent. And workers who so conquer win a greater kingdom than Cæsar's, and wield a power more prevailing than that of the sword.

Great servers have sometimes to wait long for the tribute due from those they have served. But in the long run the tribute will be made; if not by the benefited themselves, then certainly by the success of the work done. Jerome's services to the Christian Church are a case in point. Bishop Lightfoot in his *A Fresh Revision of the English New Testament* tells the story. For two centuries the first Latin version of the Scriptures met the needs of the Church. Then its variations and errors began to trouble men. Damasus, Bishop of Rome, urged Jerome as the greatest Biblical scholar of the age to undertake the work of revision. He obeyed. He knew the many years of toil which the task would involve. He foresaw the prejudice and enmity which the inevitable alterations in the new translation of the Bible would arouse. Nevertheless he went forward with the work. When it was finished even his friends charged him with having made religion more difficult to those who were weak in the faith, and more open to attack from the enemies of the faith. Jerome was not the man to bear injustice meekly. He lashed his critics. He exposed their ignorance with merciless scorn. "If they do not like the water from the purest fountain head," he said, "let them drink of the muddy streams. Let them read, 'Rejoicing in hope, *serving the time.*' Let us read, 'Rejoicing in hope, *serving the Lord.*' Let them consider that an accusation ought under no circumstances to be received against an elder; let us read, 'Against an elder receive not an accusation, but before two or three witnesses; them that sin rebuke.'"

But while treating his accusers thus, he turned humbly and entreatingly to the future users of his work. "I beseech you, reader," he wrote, "do not regard my labours as throwing blame on the ancients. Each man offers what he can for the tabernacle of God.

Some gold, and silver, and precious stones; others fine linen, and purple, and scarlet, and blue. I shall hold myself happy if I have offered skins and goat's hair. And yet the Apostle considers that the more despised members are more necessary¹ (1 Cor. xii. 22)."

Jerome never saw any large acceptance of his revised version of the Bible. Two centuries after his death it was sometimes quoted, but the old erratic version still reigned. Some centuries more passed; and at length Jerome's translation "drove its elder rival out of the field, and became the one recognized version of the Bible throughout the Latin Church."² The great server waited long for the tribute. But it came fully and gloriously at last.

Tribute from the common instincts of humanity, and tribute from the justification of time—such are the two kinds of homage to great service we have looked at so far. There remains tribute to great service from genius expressed and made permanent in words of genius—how much could be quoted on this point! We content ourselves with two examples only. And first comes the offering from Wordsworth to the work done by Milton.

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So did'st thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."³

Next comes Tennyson's⁴ thrilling testimony and moving appeal in connection with the work done by Wellington.

"Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,

¹ Op. ix. 460.

² Bishop Lightfoot in *A Fresh Revision of the English New Testament*, p. 10.

³ *The Excursion*, Book I.

⁴ Ode on *The Death of the Duke of Wellington*.

Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory :
He that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining tablelands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he : his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure ;
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory."

CHAPTER XIX

DOING BY SUFFERING

IN Lord Morley's *Life of Gladstone*¹ we are shown some of the manifold service by which Italy once again became a free and a united nation. In the story of Mr. Gladstone's part in the great event there is mention of a certain Poerio, whom the English statesman saw in 1851, and conversed with as a prisoner in the filthy prison at Naples. Poerio had been a Minister of the Crown. For his efforts to make Italy united and free he was sentenced to what Lord Morley justly calls "the dreadful penalty of twenty-four years in irons." The condemned patriot accepted his fate as part of the process by which victory was to be won. He accordingly took as his motto the words *Il patire è anche operare*—"to suffer is to do." "He was not only willing, he rejoiced to play the martyr's part."

¹ Vol. I. p. 392, pop. ed.

On Mr. Gladstone's return to England he proposed to take steps to call public attention to the horrors which were being inflicted in the prison at Naples on men whose sole crime had been that they were zealous patriots. Before doing so he sent to ascertain Poerio's opinion as to whether the method of public agitation in England would exasperate the Neapolitan Government to proceed to further severities on its political prisoners. The reply of the man who had taken the motto "to suffer is to do," was, "*As to us, never mind; we can hardly be worse than we are. But think of our country, for which we are most willing to be sacrificed. Exposure will do it good.*"

The words are worthy of being placed alongside of the testimonies to "the noble army of martyrs" in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. They show the same quenchless faith. They breathe the same invincible spirit. They offer the same extreme price of self-sacrifice.

"To suffer is to do." The method was adopted when all that active effort could attempt had been tried. It was the last act which remained possible—the act of facing shame and pain rather than not serve the cause to which the patriot had sworn himself.

Are there causes to-day which are worthy and also capable of calling out from men such service? There are. The brewer's son who sacrificed his patrimony rather than be involved in a business whose results troubled his conscience represented such a cause. The bishop who resigned his comfortable and honourable position in England and offered to go forth to the foreign mission-field as an ordinary missionary stands for another such cause. The statesman who in his advanced age sacrificed ease, risked his honour, dared certain ignominy, and pledged the remainder of his days to act as pioneer of certain unpopular but vital principles—he sets before us a still further cause.

As long as the world exists, conscience rules, chivalry is potent, and patriotism can make men serve the nation's interests rather than their own, so long

will there be causes worthy and capable of winning martyrs of the type of the noble Poerio.

It is important to note, however, that it is the nature of the cause which gives its quality to the doing of suffering. It is not enough to suffer. Some sufferers think it is, and fretfully claim their reward. But an honest look at their motives, or lack of motives, would convince them of their error. Some of the worst men have been the greatest sufferers. Who will say that their sufferings were doings in the sense of helping on the world's work?

Nor is it enough to suffer in a good cause, and yet to be at heart cold towards the cause. That kind of suffering is no doing. How can it be? The sufferer does not yearn for the cause to go forward. He makes no prayer on its behalf. Indeed, it may be that at the bottom of his suffering, brought on him by his connection with the cause, there is resentment because the cause has cost him so much. From such a source as this the cause cannot be said to have had service.

And so we say once more that "to suffer is to do" only where there is *intention* (as the Roman theologians would put it) that the cause suffered for shall benefit.

The doctrine that "to suffer is to do" ought to bring comfort to that large class of persons whose circumstances are such that they can only suffer for the great causes with which they are concerned. Wives and mothers of lifeboatmen going out to a rescue—or of volunteers going down a coal mine to save life—or of soldiers going out to fight the national foe—these come within the reach of the words "to suffer is to do." They truly serve. They make great sacrifices. Theirs is altruism, which is made too little of, and at best, when the precious lives of their hazarded ones are taken away, is miserably acknowledged. "Soldiers!" cried the heroic Havelock, as he fought with a mere handful of men battle after battle, and beat back again and again the swarming mutineers at Cawnpore and Lucknow in 1857, "your grateful

country will not forget your services." Alas! when the mutiny was subdued and India was saved, it was found that England could be forgetful, and that its charity to the widows and orphans of those who had fallen could be small and cold. Nevertheless, the suffering of the many who "stayed by the stuff" ¹ while their husbands and fathers fought and died in the distant land was doing—such doing that were it not freely given, England would soon cease to be foremost among the nations, and thus she would be disastrously less served.

In the days when our Lord was doing His work upon earth, the doctrine that "to suffer was to do" was much more of a reality than it is to-day. Our Lord went so far as to say that without suffering there could be no such doing as He wanted. Is not this what His oft-repeated words about taking up the cross ²; leaving father and mother, and wife and children, and lands ³; losing one's life in order to gain it; and entering the kingdom through much tribulation ⁴; and the like, amount to? Undoubtedly they do. In those days Christians were expected to resist "unto blood," ⁵ and so to suffer that they might do. No wonder the Church went forward. No wonder the Roman Empire was conquered. No wonder the whole world was invaded by Christian missionary force as it has never been since. The Christians of that time did so much for Christ because they suffered so much for Christ. They were irresistible because they were self-sacrificial. Like the Master Worker Himself, they sowed their lives as grain for the world's hunger, and out of the precious seed thus sown there came a world's harvest such as never was seen before—*nor since*. Whether there will ever be such a world-harvest again is a question which will only be discussable when Christians have learned once more to suffer that they may do.

¹ 1 Sam. xxx. 24.

² Matt. xix. 29.

³ Heb. xii. 4.

⁴ Matt. x. 38.

⁵ Matt. x. 39, and Acts xiv. 22.

CHAPTER XX

GOD DOES NOT ASK US TO BE SUCCESSFUL, BUT TO BE FAITHFUL

APART from what the Bible says on this subject, it is one of those truths which emerge from the very nature of the things concerned. The fact that the best workers are often the least successful from a human standard is a sure indication that what we call success is not what God would have us aim at. We have only to call to mind some of the manifest unfairness which attends the distribution of so-called success to see that no system of justice could possibly be satisfied with the way men and women obtain greatly-prized rewards in this life. A seldom quoted modern poet¹ puts the case on this side of it with force when he says—

“Compute the chances,
And deem there’s ne’er a one in dangerous times
Who wins the race of glory, but than he
A thousand men, more gloriously endow’d,
Have fallen upon the course ; a thousand others
Have had their fortunes founder’d by a chance,
Whilst lighter barks pushed past them ; to whom add
A smaller tally, of the singular few
Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear yet a temperate will and keep the peace.
The world knows nothing of its GREATEST MEN.”

If it be so, it is time biography enlarged its operations and published for us not only the piquant and popular details of men and women about whom the world already knows what it is really important to know, but also the facts of lives lived obscurely, but lived bravely and to great purpose. On this point one writer has well said: “The lives of the barrister who was not made Lord Chancellor, the curate who did not become Bishop of London, the life of the soldier

¹ Henry Taylor in *Philip Van Artevelde*.

who died a plain lieutenant, are lives I should like to know a little more about.”¹

Such biographies would find a small public, but so long as their significance reached a responsive few they would accomplish a good work. The few so influenced would in their turn help to correct the vulgar notions of what is success which rule the minds of the many.

It is sometimes urged upon workers who have done good service with no recognition and no reward that they must seek comfort in the thought that duty done is its own reward. Advice of this kind is unsatisfactory. The method which is recommended is vague and uncertain. It leaves too much to the faithful worker's own feelings. There is no safeguard in it against human uncertainty and fear. It lacks the assurance which comes from the approval of a sufficiently great and authoritative personality. In other words it has no Mastership to look to for the smile and pronouncement—“Well done!”

And thus we arrive at the point to which the failure of “success,” and the inability of duty of itself to meet the needs of all true workers in their craving for approval have alike brought us, viz. that what really matters is not that we succeed as servers, but that we be found faithful.

It matters because of the whole scheme of things under which men serve. We do not serve a nation, but the race. We do not serve an age, but all time. We do not serve the world, but that of which the world is but part—the universe. And the universe we serve as the kingdom of Him who is maker and ruler of all.

The scale of our serving being thus vast, it becomes the merest trifling to apply the terms success, prosperity, honour, wealth, and the like, to show that our work has done its purpose and reached its objective. The real test to apply is—has it been true to Truth?—has it been loyal to the Divine will?—has it been faith-

¹ Essays on *The Gentle Life*, p. 85, 31st ed.

ful to opportunities given and to power lent? If tried by such a standard, what reversions of the world's judgments of work there would be. That it is the true standard the whole of the Book of God abundantly testifies.

William Law in his *Serious Call* has a chapter in which he shows that much of the failure in Christian life and work is because Christians have not the *intention* to please God in all they do. He gives instances to show how operative such a motive would be were it adopted and allowed to rule. It would make the tradesman a saint in his shop. It would keep a gentleman of birth and fortune from a selfish use of his position and means. He therefore appeals to Christians to make *intention* the standard by which to test themselves. "For it is as easy" (he says) "for every person to know whether he intends to please God in all his actions, as for any servant to know whether this be his intention towards his master."

The server in God's universe who responds to Law's appeal, and seeks honestly and continually to please God in all he does, will learn to be content with being faithful. The absence of success will not embitter him. He will remember the nature of the whole of which he is a working part. He will not forget that some of the best workers the world has seen were men and women who apparently failed; he will sustain his soul with the fact that it will not be till the final reckoning day dawns that the Master will come with His reward—for is it not written, and are not the words at the very close of the Great Book, as though they were meant to be the special strains of its blessed music for all discouraged ones?—"Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to render to each man according as his work is." ¹

¹ Rev. xxii. 12, R.V.

CHAPTER XXI

THE DIFFERENCE WHICH LOVE MAKES

RUSKIN has told us in his own special way that love is an essential element of Art. Addressing future painters and sculptors, he said, "You must love the creatures to whom you minister—your fellow men; for, if you do not love them, not only will you be little interested in the passing events of life, but in all your gazing at humanity you will be apt to be struck only by outside form, and not by expression."¹ Love, then, gives vision. It takes the worker past the outer court of the temple of humanity, where all is common, and much is vulgar; and it leads to the innermost, where all hearts are open, and the possibilities in men and women for good are seen.

We should not so often faint in our work if we had this power of seeing to the inwardness of people and things, which love gives. It is just because love is not allowed to operate in us that we become blind to the interests, and relations, and processes, and issues which are in the meanest work. Could we love more, we should see more in our serving, and as we saw with the illumined eyes which love gives, our seeing would become a passion. Hands which hang down, and knees which are feeble, would become impossible to us then. We *must* act—and act with all our ability—if the spell of love be upon us, and there rise before us the things we can do for the beloved.

But if love gives vision, it also gives endurance. The seven years which Jacob served for Rachel "seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her."²

Love smiled away the shadow cast by the deceit of Laban. Love made the question of wages an unimportant one. Love bore all things, and transfigured all things in the brightness of its own shining, for the beloved's sake.

¹ *Two Paths*, pop. ed., p. 101.

² Gen. xxix. 20.

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The one love idyll in the Bible assures us that

"Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can the floods drown it."¹

It refuses to become extinct, even when the beloved one ceases to respond, and proves unworthy. Herein lies the explanation of much that we see in human life. Isaiah loved Jerusalem even when the once faithful city had become a harlot. Joan of Arc loved France though France sold her to the hated English that they might burn her as a witch. Many a wife in her last moments has had a yearning love for the brutal husband who murdered her. Such persistence is one of the miracles of love. To explain it you must refer it to the Infinite. It is part of that divine fire which burns in the words, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Communicativeness is also part of the difference which loves makes in doing service. It is never fully happy until it is passing its best into the welfare of those towards whom it burns. That they may have good, a great love is willing, if need be, to suffer evil.

"Nought makes me trust in love so really
As the delight of the contented lowness
With which I gaze on souls I'd keep for ever
In beauty—I'd be sad to equal them ;
I'd feed their fame e'en from my heart's best blood,
Withering unseent, that they might flourish still."²

It was the same spirit in St. Paul when he wrote, "I will most gladly spend, and be spent for your souls."³ Nay, we may link on the connection to a higher level still—for when we read, "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not also with Him freely give us all things?"⁴—we gather that human life gives its all, because the divine love gives its all. It serves without reserve, because God in serving His creatures makes a full transfer to them of all He is, and of all He can do.

¹ *The Song of Songs*, viii. 7, R.V.

² *Browning's Pauline*.

³ 2 Cor. xii. 15, R.V.

⁴ Rom. viii. 32, R.V.

Vision, endurance, communicativeness—these three are in the ministering which springs from love. To see ideals in the beloved and for the beloved—to bear the stress and strain which the effort to make such ideals actualities will necessarily involve—and finally to give to the uttermost so as to secure for the beloved the glorious things which love conceives—they who would serve greatly must pray for these.

CHAPTER XXII

THE CRIMES OF "LAISSEZ FAIRE"

THE doctrine that it is best not to interfere with the processes of economic laws, but to let them work out their issues undisturbed, is not now in favour. Its frequent brutalities have caused men and women to cry shame upon it. The larger part of the nation will have none of it. The result is, we hear little to-day of "the iron law of wages"¹—the beneficent effects of plague and famine in thinning out the unfit—the harm done by raising the poor from their low estate—and the like.

To entertain such ideas as these has come to be everywhere regarded as barbarous. It is now insisted upon with almost general consent that all laws which press harshly upon human life must be regarded as powers not to be submitted to, but to be subdued. Civilization, it is claimed, has been produced by this method. Men have conquered even Nature herself in proportion as they have resisted her tyrannies and turned her forces into ministries. And just as lightning has been captured by man, and put into harness for the serving of men, so all the processes—industrial and otherwise—which in great cities are now

¹ *Vide* Marshall's *Economics of Industry*, p. 413. It is the theory that "the population always increases very rapidly as soon as wages rise above the bare necessities of life, and thus causes wages to be fixed by 'a natural law' to the level of these bare necessities."

antagonistic to vast masses of human life are to be taken in hand and compelled to be helpful to those whom they at present oppress. This is the ideal which reigns to-day in the room of the old discarded and discredited theory of "*Laissez faire*." It is a change to thank God for. It is one of the mile-stones by which we measure the progress of the Kingdom of Heaven.

And yet let no one suppose that "*Laissez faire*" is dead. It is very much alive. In the secret places of men's hearts, to which public decency has banished it, the idea is still a great power which moves conduct and produces character. The sin of Dives against Lazarus was the crime of "*Laissez faire*." He "let be" the sufferer at his gate. He left him to his helplessness, and to the dogs. The act of the priest and the Levite, who passed the wounded traveller by in the lonely road, was also the crime of "*Laissez faire*." They resigned him to his fate. The processes which had wrought the tragedy were not to be disturbed!

In public all these offenders against humanity would have repudiated the principle of "*Laissez faire*." In private—where no observant eye was upon them—they made a base surrender to it.

The same inconsistency operates on a large scale to-day. The little serving done by the prosperous suburbs to the adjacent needy city slums proclaims it. The difficulty with which personal service can now be secured by clergy in their parishes is an outcome of it. "Let alone. Let be. Why disturb people? You will do no good. Things will right themselves in time." Such is the spirit and language of "*Laissez faire*."

When we turn to our Lord to see what attitude He took up against the evil, we find that on three occasions at least He made large for His Church the crime of "*Laissez faire*." By His picture of the virgins, who let be the languor which stole over them, and wrapped them in unfaithful sleep; by His announcement that in the Judgment Day it will be neglect as well as actual wrong-doing which will place men and women at His left-hand side; and once more by the scene in Geth-

semane, when His apostles failed to watch, not for Him, but *with* Him, in His most needy hour—the Master has left warnings to His servants of what is sure to come whenever duty becomes too feeble to move us, and the need of others no longer pleads.

In these days there is no excuse for "*Laissez faire*" in Christians. The call to service is louder than ever before. Never was there an age in which the cry for ministering was made under such rousing circumstances. It comes from the opened and opening doors in the foreign mission field. It comes in the very difficulties which the State experiences in dealing with what Carlyle used to call "the condition of England question." It comes by the harsh things said of religion in labour circles, and the challenge flung to religion by competing Socialists.¹ In the presence of such world-resounding appeals "*Laissez faire*" ought not to be able to find a place in Christians. And it would not, were faith synonymous with works, and to believe in Christ meant to obey Christ.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE RACIAL RANGE OF CHRISTIAN BENEFICENCE

It is often pointed out that there was much in the best Paganism which was like, if not identical with, the morality taught by Jesus Christ.

A reference to the pages of such writers as Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius will be sufficient to substantiate this. "The two former," says the present Bishop of Southwark (Dr. Talbot), in *Lux Mundi*,² "rise to thoughts of moral purity and sublimity and delicacy which at times seem hardly unworthy of the

¹ "The Socialist programme represents the penalty which the modern world is paying for its insufficient obedience to the social teaching of Jesus." F. G. Peabody in *Jesus Christ and the Social Question*, chap. vi.

² Chapter iv.

New Testament, and their humane and comprehensive ideas have cast off limitations which the narrow life of Greek cities set to those of their greater predecessors."

All this is true. But the difference between the two cases compared is immense. The one had light for the world; the other was "the Light of the world"—the one discovered some great principles of right feeling and doing, and reserved them as rare treasure for the learned few; the other added to these further great principles, and gloried in making them "current coin" for the use of all mankind—the one insisted that virtue is abstinence from wrong; the other laid down the position that virtue is that well-doing which proceeds from love to God and man.

To use the words of the author of *Ecce Homo*,¹ "Ancient philosophers also held beneficence to be an important virtue . . . but Christ, instead of declaring beneficence to be a virtue, merges all virtue in beneficence. In his account of the judgment of men (Matt. xxv), all that we commonly call morality disappears; not a word is said of honesty, purity, fidelity; active beneficence is made the one and only test; those who have fed the hungry are accepted; those who have not done so are rejected."

It is, however, the *reach* of the beneficence which Christ showed and taught that differentiates it most from what went before.

Some close resemblance to the law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," has been seen in Paganism by enthusiastic admirers of its best men. But even supposing the actual law itself could be found expressed and urged in the religions which existed before Christ came, what would the law have been to-day had not Christ shown in His own human life what it means, and also left it as part of the supreme law for His Church? There would have been no such thing as a growing world-wide humanitarianism. An *entente cordiale* between separated and competing countries would have

¹ Preface to the 5th ed.

been impossible. A comity of all nations, aiming at international peace, would have remained undreamed of.

In saying this, we do not forget that it was an ancient Pagan¹ who uttered the noble sentiment, "Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto"—"I am a man; and I regard nothing human as foreign to me." But what missionary force was in it, when first spoken? And what qualities of personal life were at the back of it to enforce it? Its author to-day is chiefly famous for his comedies! Measure the sentiment by these marvellous words, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son,"² and its relative insignificance at once appears. And when we add the complementary words, "Even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many,"³ we feel still more how infinite is the distance between the Catholic interest felt by Terence in man, and the work done, and still being done, by the Incarnation for man.

It is sometimes asked: What has Christianity added to our theoretic knowledge of morality which was not in, say, Aristotle's ethics? This is a fairly debatable subject. But it cannot be asked with any reasonableness: What has Christianity added to our knowledge of doing good? It was the first religion to begin its career with a proclamation of good will to all men. It is the only religion which, in these modern days, represents a real, living, working enthusiasm for humanity.

For this latter reason every true Christian is bound to be a missionary, having the whole world for his sphere and the entire race of man for his objective. He is bound, because of his relation to the world's Divine Missionary, Jesus Christ—for as the Master is in His efforts for the world's good, so the servant must

¹ Terence. It occurs in a play, *Heauton Timorumenos*. Augustine tells us that when the words were spoken the whole audience, in which there were many of the uneducated class, broke out into thunders of applause. And well they might. It was the first public expression by a Pagan in literary form of the great doctrine of human brotherhood.

² John iii. 16.

³ Mark x. 45.

aim to be; he is bound, because of the Church's standing missionary command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," a command which he cannot honestly evade by leaving it to the Church to fulfil in its corporate capacity; he is bound, by the universal nature of the truth which he knows, and by the all-embracing love of God which is in his soul—for to keep these to himself would be to convict himself of being destitute of the power of both—above all, he is bound by what the Incarnation is to all mankind. It is for no age, but for all time. It is for no nation, but for humanity. It is for no special interests or needs. Its sphere of service is for the whole area and height and depth of whatever affects responsible life.

CHAPTER XXIV

"WHERE IS THE FLOCK THAT WAS GIVEN THEE—THY BEAUTIFUL FLOCK?"¹

WAS there ever an under-shepherd who could listen to these words unmoved? We should be afraid for the man in whom the inquiry raised no misgivings. Even in the case of the best pastors there is always something to wish different—some tragedies among the sheep to mourn over, some shortcomings of shepherding to bewail.

Primarily the words may be taken to apply to clergy and ministers.² To them comes with special force the sharp note of their teaching. But they have a far wider range than this. They represent God's demand to all who have in any real sense the charge of human souls. The parent with one or more children, the teacher with few or many scholars, the master in the large or small company of subordinates—to these, and to all such, the words, "Where is the flock that was given thee—thy beautiful flock?" are meant to have

¹ Jer. xiii. 20.

² Jeremiah addresses them to the nation.

meaning. What we have done with our charge of others; how we have served God in serving them; the results of character and conduct which have come from those to whom we were a leader—these are the things God will ask for some day. It is a disquieting prospect. It is meant to make us serious and earnest. There are clergy who so dread becoming careless pastors of their sheep that they turn often to the terms of the service by which they were admitted to the company of those who tend Christ's lambs and feed His sheep. And how soul-quickenings the language is.

“Have always, therefore, printed in your remembrance how great a treasure is committed to your charge. For they are the sheep of Christ, which He bought with His death, and for whom He shed His blood. The Church and congregation whom you must serve is His Spouse, and His Body. And if it shall happen the same Church, or any member thereof, to take any hurt or hindrance by reason of your negligence, ye know the greatness of the fault, and also the horrible punishment that will ensue. Wherefore consider with yourselves the end of your ministry toward the children of God, towards the Spouse and Body of Christ; and see that you never cease your labour, your care and diligence, until you have done all that lieth in you, according to your bounden duty, to bring all such as are or shall be committed to your charge unto that agreement in the faith and knowledge of God, and to that ripeness and perfectness of age in Christ, that there be no place left among you, either for error in religion or for viciousness in life.”¹

It would be good for the world were all to whom has been committed the work of influencing human life to thus turn from time to time to the nature of their commission. The newspaper editor, the statesman, the medical man, the writer of books, the employer of

¹ The Church of England Service for “The Ordering of Priests.”

labour—these and their kind are in their respective ways shepherds of men's souls. Each has his opportunities, for every one there are ideals, upon all rest great responsibilities; and, therefore, to them as certainly as to ministers of religion come the words, whether listened to or not, "Where is the flock that was given thee—thy beautiful flock?"

It is not every shepherd who feels that his flock is a "beautiful flock." There is too much shortcoming in himself and in those he serves for that. And yet he is a poor shepherd who cannot see the possibilities of beauty in his flock, however many the blemishes in it may now be. And it is here where the beauty lies—not reached as yet—not likely to come soon; nevertheless it is there waiting to be called to birth, and to possess the flock, and to make it such that He to whom it belongs can rejoice over it.

We feel confident that it would help the flock to become beautiful, if the shepherd would sometimes wisely and lovingly tell it that it was potentially beautiful. In one of Crockett's novels¹ a wild hooligan daughter of a Scotch hind is awakened to the glory of womanhood by a rough intimation of her coming loveliness, "You'll be a beauty in a year or two, my lassie!" The speaker was the last man who should have told her. But the girl went on her way half frightened, but knowing. Life was different from that moment. It took a higher value. It became more worth living. The same illumination would be good for many a rough lad. Could he be told by the right person that in him is beauty waiting to be born, and that though all men and all women should see nothing in him that they should desire him, yet that he may still become beautiful to God—such an opening of the eyes would be the beginning of salvation to some lads for whom now there seems no hope. What human nature craves for is to be assured that it is meant for the best things, and that only as men and women turn

¹ *Lad's Love.*

to the best things will their own instincts be satisfied and God's hunger met.

It was because our Lord looked with eyes which saw God's beauty waiting to be called to birth in even the most unpromising people that men and women and children of all classes kindled to Him. The woman of Samaria, Zacchaeus the publican, the man who lived among the tombs, Nicodemus the ruler, the children whom the disciples tried to drive away, are examples of this. In each case the heart leaped forward because a great heart valued it, and loved it, and appealed to it as being precious to God.

When the under-shepherd has learned the good Shepherd's way of regarding the flock, then not unfrequently shall the appeal of the words he made to that under-shepherd—

"Because thou hast the power, and own'st the grace
To look through, and behind, this mask of me,
 And behold my soul's true face;—
Because thou hast the faith and love to see
Through that same soul's distracting lethargy
The patient angel, waiting for a place
In the new Heavens; because nor sin, nor woe,
Nor God's infliction, nor death's neighbourhood,
Nor all which others, viewing, turn to go,
Nor all which makes me tired of all, self-viewed—
Nothing repels thee— . . . teach me so
To pour out gratitude, as thou dost good!"¹

CHAPTER XXV

NOT BY THE INSTITUTIONAL, BUT BY THE PERSONAL

THERE is in these modern days real danger of the service, which man needs from man, becoming too institutional. By this we mean the substitution of organizations as ways to help our fellow creatures in the place of our own personal efforts. The amazing increase of societies is partly responsible for this. We

¹ E. B. Browning.

are content to send our subscription once a year, and to let that be the amount of work we do for the causes which our pet societies represent.¹ Of course there are the advantages of multiplied and skilled and sustained effort which societies mean. But, on the other hand, there are also the accompanying disadvantages of leaving the work to be done by the paid agents of the societies, and the consequent loss in many cases of the unpaid serving of those who thus help the societies. This loss can and ought to be avoided, both for our own sake, and also for the sake of the societies concerned. It can be avoided by keen interest in what the societies attempt to do; by daily prayer for their success; and by some effort at least to directly serve the causes for which the societies exist. If the effort fail, it will at least have accomplished this much—we shall thereby have proved that we do recognize the truth that it is personal ministering which the world most needs, and that we ourselves have tried to meet the need.

But where the mischief of institutionalism comes in with the most disastrous results is in the growing idea among the masses that what is wanted to make things right for them, and for the rest of the nation, are more State departments and increased State action for dealing with the people's needs.

We are among those who feel sure that too much is now being expected from this source, and that humiliating failure will follow sooner or later the present excessive use of State agency. History has no encouragement for the view that a nation is to be saved by its institutionalism. In Rome it was one of the big causes which brought the decline and break up of the empire. In France it led to the terrible experiments of the Revolution. In England it is

¹ "The money goes to furnish that comparatively small proportion of the members of the society who are personally grappling with the evil, to remove which the society was formed. But from the majority nothing further is required; all personal service in the cause of humanity is commuted by a money payment." *Ecce Homo*, chap. xviii.

responsible for much that makes thinking people afraid. And it needs no great insight to see that for the next twenty years the personal as against the institutional type of service will have to struggle for existence.

In Archbishop Temple's *Life* we are given a notable example of what the personal can accomplish as contrasted with the institutional way of doing things. He went to Exeter as its bishop under serious difficulties. He was charged with heresy. Some of his future clergy had protested against his appointment. The diocese had been ruled by a "bishop whose aim seemed rather to be the perfecting of a machine than the development of a life." We are told that "for machinery Bishop Temple instituted organized life; and into system he infused the spirit of service."¹ How did Bishop Temple work the change? By no announcement beforehand, and by no set policy. He put himself fully into the work waiting to be done. He went everywhere. He shared in every diocesan thing. He permeated the diocese with his presence. He leavened it with his labour and influence. He identified himself with all its interests, ecclesiastical and civil. And thus the personal ruled in the place of the institutional. Not that the institutional was dismissed; it was retained. But it no longer took the lead. In these ways and by these means Dr. Temple wrote his name in the west of England diocese not after the manner of poor, complaining Keats, in water, but in the living and enduring fabric of human interests, and of men's and women's lives.

The institutionalism of our public hospitals sometimes comes out in painful ways. An out-patient is treated as a number. An in-patient is dealt with as a case. Even the doctors and nurses themselves become agents whose humanity is hampered by the system of which they are parts. And were these not alive to the hardening effects of the system, and were they not to set themselves to be themselves as true,

¹ Vol. I. p. 309.

loving, sympathetic men and women, all such places as hospitals, asylums, and workhouses would become terrible places for the inmates.

It is to Jesus Christ that the world owes its best teaching on the subject of personal serving as contrasted with institutional serving. The institutional was supreme when He was upon earth. Human life all the world over was dominated by it. The Jews were stiffened and hardened and almost de-humanized by it. They had lost by it the very sense of neighbourliness. Even educated men had to ask, "And who is my neighbour?"

The answer¹ came out in all our Lord said and did. If He healed a leper, He made a tender, loving contact between Himself and the leper. He gave His power, but with it He also gave His hand. Both were used upon the diseased man. The personal was added to the institutional. Healing force was conveyed by sympathizing love. The method is meant to prevail through all time. It is God's own way of doing good. All service which comes short of it will miss by far what it is designed to be, and what those who have helped mankind most have shown it can do.

CHAPTER XXVI

IMAGINATION AS AN ALLY OF THE WORKER

WHAT was the power of dreaming dreams and seeing visions worth to the Old Testament prophets as an aid to them in their work? It must have been considerable. It gave sight to faith. It penetrated beyond the familiar and commonplace. It took the soul to the

¹ "The chief obstacle to Christian charity now, as then, is the preoccupation of the individual with his own affairs, and the consequent dependence upon impersonal methods of relief; and the reform in method now proposed in the name of Scientific Charity is, in reality, nothing else than a return to the principles of the Good Samaritan." *Jesus Christ and Social Problems*, by S. G. Peabody; p. 86, pop. ed.

regions where the eternal operates. It made the here and the now parts of the far-off future. And when men see the invisible in these ways, it is not difficult for them to endure. Modern religion makes too little of imagination as a help to service. We are afraid of it. We remember against it its past excesses. And for safety's sake we keep strictly to reason and to facts—forgetting that imagination has its facts also.

The closing book of the New Testament is one of these facts. It is a dream dreamed by an inspired worker. As he dreamed the past was made intelligible and beautiful, the present became full of divine workings—and the future shone with the glory of the triumph of all good things.

It is for such facts that every true server in God's universe either consciously or unconsciously pines. We all long not merely to be told, but also to *see* that in our striving we are in real union with the best which has gone before us—that we are part of that order of things which is to-day working out for the betterment of the world, and also that we shall ultimately share in the final evolution of good from evil. To *know* all this is the office of faith. To *see* it belongs to imagination. As we believe we can also be in the spirit which reveals. And to be in the spirit which reveals it is to have the use of imagination on its highest level, and for its greatest purpose.

Browning in his *Abt Vogler* puts before us one of the great uses of imagination. The story told is of a musician who extemporizes on the musical instrument he had invented. As he plays, and as the music comes forth, the player pictures to himself what the results would be, could the music which he produces be made permanent, and material, and visible.

It should be a palace of music built by—

“Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk.”

When the palace is finished—

“All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,
All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth,
All through music and me!”

his mind passes to the thought that if art can do such things, what can God do !

"But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will than can,
Existent behind all laws, that made them and, lo, they are !"

His own musical creation faded away as soon as it was born. The failure to retain what he could conceive made "the good tears start." And yet he clung to the thought that what had been beautiful to him could still be beautiful. And, hence, he concludes—

"Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the Ineffable Name !
Builder and Maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands !
What, have fear of change from Thee, Who art ever the same ?
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands ?

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist ;
Not its semblance, but itself :

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard ;
Enough that He heard it once ; we shall hear it by and bye."

Every strenuous worker for the world's good will kindle to teaching like this. It pieces together the broken bits of our experience. It makes our varied strugglings intelligible. It shows that to have faithfully tried is to have succeeded, and that to have aimed at our best is to have done well.

CHAPTER XXVII

IN THE YOKE WITH CHRIST

"TAKE My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."¹ It is an utterance which is meant for all who would join in winning humanity for God. "My yoke" is not one which Christ puts upon us. It is the yoke which Christ invites us to share with Him. He is in it already. We may, if we will, be in it with Him. It is this

¹ Matt. xi. 29, R.V.

identity of master with the servants, even in the matter of bearing the yoke, which gives the Christian religion its chief distinction among the world's faiths. Other great religious teachers are content with telling their followers what they must do. They do not profess to be one with them in the doing of their work. Our Lord's relation to us is always this, "I am in the midst of you as he that serveth."¹ Or, as one of our modern poets of labour puts it—

"Where the weary toil together, there am I among my own,
Where the tired workman sleepeth, there am I with him alone."²

To encourage us to enter the yoke of God's service with Him the Lord puts before us the prospect of being able to learn of Him. It would be difficult not to learn something from Christ when we put ourselves alongside of Him to walk, and to bear, and to serve with Him. We could not go through a campaign with a great soldier and not learn something of war, and the way to wage it. And so with yoke-fellowship with Christ—it must teach. And as we take in the teaching, and yield ourselves to its sweet rule, our Divine Comrade subdues us, and assimilates us to Himself. It is at this point that the experience promised by the words, "Ye shall find rest unto your souls," begins. Our souls have not had rest because there has been no conscious submission to the Infinite. Our wills have crossed in their tiny way the sweep of His will, and consequently there has been clashing and friction. The mortal has chafed against the eternal, and so there has come to us suffering. It has always been so. It always will be so. To get peace the friction must cease. And it is just this which the great Server offers when He invites us to come into His yoke, and thus to find rest unto our souls. He Himself has found rest in the yoke. His human nature was tempted to shrink back from the yoke, when the experience of the cross came near as constituting a part of it. But He endured the

¹ Luke xxii. 27, R.V.

² Henry Van Dyke, *The Tiling of Felix*.

cross, and the peace came. Now He says to all who enter the yoke with Him, "In the world ye have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."¹

It is inspiring to read the lives of the great yoke-fellows of Jesus Christ. And in each case how clearly the gain of peace comes out as we read the story. Saul of Tarsus, Augustine of Hippo, Thomas à Kempis, Francis of Assisi, all found rest unto their souls, when once they had passed into the yoke with Christ. Outside the yoke life to them was one continued fever of conflicting desires. Nothing satisfied them. All experiences wearied them. Peace only came to them when, after long years of rebellion, they submitted to the Mastership of Jesus Christ. Then they found how true the old words are of the yoke-rule of their Lord—

"Cui servire, est regnare."²

From the vantage ground of such reigning how magnificently these men and their fellows have served! Because of what they were, and what they did, human life finds it easier to grasp the glorious truth that it is designed for union and communion with Christ in God. It remains for us who are in the yoke with Christ during these modern days to make their work in some real measure more complete.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE IDOLATRY OF SUCCESS

To be a successful cricketer, or football player, or wrestler, or jockey now-a-days is to have greater homage than a statesman who has served his country

¹ John xvi. 33, R.V.

² Whom to serve is to reign. It is the Latin version of the words of the Prayer Book collect—"Whose service is perfect freedom."

long and well. It is an ominous sign of the times. It means decadence. It is a blood relation of that phenomenon in Roman history when a popular gladiator ruled Roman hearts more profoundly than the Emperor himself. And yet we remember that both the gladiator and Cæsar held their high place insecurely. Failure to please in the one case, and failure to keep at a distance the assassin in the other case, brought overthrow. It is something as pathetic, if not as tragic, which awaits the old age of most professional cricketers, football players, wrestlers and jockeys who have climbed to the highest peak of popularity. Not seldom do the newspapers, which once burnt incense at the shrine of these gods of the people, tell us that it is in the workhouse where these heroes die; or it may be as the tenant of a struggling public-house. It is an inglorious end for public servers, who once had their multitudes of admirers. It is one of the things which lie too deep for tears. One can only groan for such victims of public caprice, and say in the spirit of the old prophet, "Alas! my brother."

But it is not only in the world that the idolatry of success does its deadly work. It exists in the Church. The popular preacher, the church with the largest congregation, the diocese which can show most confirmations, the bishop around whose magnetic personality swarm numerous followers, male and female, the society whose income is biggest—these are they which make "copy" for the newspapers. It is to these that both Church and world agree to say, "Well done!"

And yet the success so honoured may be, and often is, the least entitled to praise. The labour represented has not been of a high kind. It will not endure the test of time, much less will it survive that coming fire, which is to "prove each man's work of what sort it is."¹

The best work done by the Christian Church is not likely to attract attention or excite admiration. It is

¹ 1 Cor. iii. 13, R.V.

too spiritual. It is also too humble. When men look at it they see in it no beauty that they should desire it. On the contrary there is much in it which reproaches them by its unselfishness, its faithfulness in little things, and its holiness.

The truth is the Church needs to see more clearly and to speak more distinctly as to what real success is. If by success is meant the reaching to and the obtaining of the best ends, then success cannot be that which wins men's applause and secures most public support. The general mass of mankind do not know, and have no desire for the best ends; and therefore, what catches their fancy and excites their admiration is no safe guide. On the contrary, it is a danger signal; for did not our Lord say, "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you! for in the same manner did their fathers to the false prophets"?¹

After such an utterance from the Divine Master, the true server will do well to be shy of popularity. It is seldom gained without some surrender of principle. It is never enjoyed without some loss to character. And what popularity was ever more than a fire of straw? It was for this reason that Carlyle in his essay on *Sir Walter Scott* refused to take into account the phenomenal popularity of "the Wizard of the North" in estimating Scott's greatness or non-greatness. He treated it "as an accident, not a quality."

The best standard of what constitutes success may be thus stated—*It is what God will approve*. Success which meets the demands of such a test is success because it is on the lines of God's own serving as the perfect worker for the universal good. Of such success He can say, "Well done," forasmuch as He recognizes in it the issues of His Holy Spirit's teaching, and also the used power of His own bestowed grace.

With such a conception of success a worker who has done his best for God will always be able to cheer himself by saying to himself—

¹ Luke vi. 26, R.V.

"Thou hast not failed ! where holy love and truth
 Contend with evil, failure cannot be !
 Their sorest scars claim reverence, not ruth,—
 Their worst repulse is still a victory !"¹

CHAPTER XXIX

THE HIGH SERVICE OF NOBLE FAILURE

It is impossible for all to succeed. For most people failure is the inevitable portion. The prizes are so few. Wealth, honour, power—these are not for the majority, but for the minority whom Darwin's law of natural selection, or the operation of friendly interest, or the advantage of opportunity, or—as a Christian would put it—the will of God appoints.

And yet we are so constituted that we regard a man as a poor-spirited creature who does not urge himself forward to reach success. Nor can the feeling be condemned. It belongs to the progress of the race. It is part of the force by which human life in the mass is moved forward.

But while being true to the progressive instinct of human nature, and while having a natural keenness for all that success means, the lesson which men and women are clearly meant to learn is that so-called failure may from God's point of view be the most glorious success. There are those who have learned the lesson. It is true they are but few. But how choice a class they make ! To be near them is to be impressed. To wish to be like them is to breathe in for one's soul the pure air of a Divine world. They have—

"A faith which feeds upon no earthly Hope,
 Which never thinks of Victory—but content
 In its own consummation, combating
 Because it ought to combat,
 And conscious that to find in martyrdom
 The stamp and signet of most perfect life,
 Is all the science that mankind can reach,—
 Rejoicing fights, and still rejoicing fails."²

¹ J. Thompson.

² Lord Houghton.

Such true souls can accept failure without explanation. Sufficient for them to know that their Lord wills them to struggle on, not knowing the reason why, and not even comforting themselves with a theory concerning the failure.

This contented failing is not without its present reward. It knows in whom it has believed. And He who is blindly trusted honours the surrender made.

"One launched a ship, but she was wrecked at sea ;
He built a bridge, but floods have borne it down ;
He meant much good,—none came ! Strange destiny !
His corn lies sunk, his bridge bears none to town,
Yet Good, he had not meant, became his crown ;
For once at work,—when, even as nature, free
From thought of good he was, or of renown—
God took the work for good and let good be."¹

It is safe to say that they will never fully learn it and discontented failers that we want to say a word—the men and the women, that is, who are outside the select class of those who, while making continued and worthy effort, are content, if need be, to fail. These have yet to learn—

"How far high failure overleaps the bounds
Of low success."²

It is safe to say that they will never fully learn it until they have grasped the truth that as human life is essentially one, so is God's working for the betterment of it one. And if God's working for this end is one in all its phases—in all the instruments used—in all its times and places and persons and things—then success becomes a related term to such working, and can only be success in as far as it serves the purpose of the working.

Judged by such a standard, what we now call success is often no success at all, but deplorable failure; and what we call failure—the failure, for example, of a pious mother to win her child for the best things—the failure of a worker like Edward Denison in his self-killing efforts to lift the masses in Whitechapel to a

¹ Jean Ingelow.

² Lewis Morris.

higher level of decency—or the failure of a statesman of the type of Burke, who scorned to give to party what was meant for mankind—is material out of which God builds the kingdom of heaven. It is part of the fabric wherewith the new humanity which is to use the new heavens and the new earth shall be made. And therefore we may turn to our work, whatever it may be, sustained and urged on, and more than satisfied so long as we can honestly say in Addison's old lines—

" 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."¹

The feeling, properly guarded, will not breed pride. It will stimulate us to worthy thoughts of our work. It will save us from slovenly methods of work. It will fire us with desires to come under the reach of the words—

"The greatest gift the hero leaves his race,
Is to have been a hero. Say we fail!
We feed the high tradition of the world."²

CHAPTER XXX

SOCRATES AND HIS DÆMON

WHEN Socrates was put on trial for his life he told his 501 Athenian judges of a remarkable feature of the serving which he had done for the State. He claimed that within him dwelt a dæmon—or as we should now call it—a guiding spirit. He further declared that it was his custom to consult this indwelling spirit whenever he proposed to himself a line of action. If it approved, Socrates went forward. If there was no response, he desisted. And in answering the charge that he had corrupted the youth of Athens by his teaching, among other pleas which he advanced was this—he had had the approval of his dæmon. He had not

¹ Cato, *Portius*, Act I. sc. ii.

² George Eliot, *Spanish Gypsy*.

gone against it. It gave no accusing sign within him. And because he had the approval of his inward guide, therefore he told his judges that he was not disturbed at the prospect of the death which he knew they would inflict upon him. As in the case of Sir Henry Lawrence, the close of life found him with the conviction that he had "tried to do his duty," and for Socrates that was a consummation which the fate which awaited him would only emphasize.

Socrates' dæmon seems to have been Conscience personified. It was the sense of right and wrong not waited for, as is usually the case with moderns, but appealed to as an oracle. Socrates turned to it for speech. He relied upon it for direction. It was for him the organ of the Divine will. And he tells us that when he obeyed it promptly and fully the issue was good—but that when he hesitated or let the prompting go unheeded the issue was evil.

The case of Socrates and his dæmon raises the question as to whether there is in the Christian server anything corresponding to such an inward mentor and guide as the great Greek teacher had. The question needs to be asked, for it is not common to see Christians turn to an instructor within them. They appeal to one outside themselves, but seldom, if ever, to One who is within their inner life. And yet the New Testament is emphatic in its assurance that with the Christian there is that which does the work for the Christian, which Socrates claimed for his dæmon. Our Lord said much of the dwelling and work of the Holy Spirit within His servants. He was to be in them and was to abide with them.¹ He was to teach them "all things."² He was to guide them "into all the truth."³ He was to take of Christ's and to make it intelligible, and real, and blessed to them.⁴ He was also to prompt them on critical occasions when sudden speech became necessary.⁵ After Pentecost the Holy Spirit becomes prominent as the Great Indweller in Christ's people. When

¹ John xiv. 17.

² John xiv. 26.

³ John xvi. 13.

⁴ John xvi. 14.

⁵ Luke xii. 11, 12.

Ananias told his lie, it was not to the Apostles, but "to the Holy Ghost"¹; when the seven deacons had to be appointed to assist in the growing financial business of the Church, they were found in men who were "full of the Spirit"²; when Paul and Barnabas had to take up missionary work, the command came from the Holy Ghost³; when St. Paul and Timothy wanted to go into Bithynia to do missionary work there, "the Spirit of Jesus suffered them not."⁴

Thus it is that the truth is pressed upon us that in us and for us is a Divine One who waits to be realized, and to be turned to and used as Socrates did his *dæmon*.

And yet the Christian Church shows no sufficient evidence that she does this. Her literature gives no such prominence to the Holy Ghost as that which Socrates gave to his *dæmon*. Even our precious *Book of Common Prayer* is scanty in its direct utterances to the Holy Ghost. The only sustained appeal which it makes to Him is when clergy are to be ordained to their work. The great lack has been remedied to some extent by our modern hymns to the Holy Ghost—but in any future enrichment of the Prayer Book this is a need which ought to be supplied. The dying out of the Quakers as a distinct body of Christians who bore witness to the work of the Holy Ghost has been a great loss to modern religion. They stood for the presence in Christians of the Holy Ghost. Their mission was to emphasize and keep prominent the fact that God does dwell with men, and that to turn to God and to get guidance from God is as possible now as ever it was. It would be a good thing were the Christian Church to have rising up in it a new body of opinion and teaching and effort specially directed to the purpose of making large and real the oracleship of the Holy Ghost. Mysticism might come with such a body. Extravagances would also, perhaps, follow. But so long as Christians were made to turn to the blessed Spirit of

¹ Acts v. 3.

² Acts xiii. 2.

³ Acts vi. 3.

⁴ Acts xvi. 7.

God as One who waits to teach and to inspire, such disadvantages as those we have mentioned would be worth enduring.

In the meantime the oracleship of the Holy Ghost can be affirmed and used by individual Christian workers. Let them turn to the Great Indweller in all matters. Let appeal to Him be made when the way is uncertain, and fear is active, and strength is small. Let real opportunity be given Him to do His wondrous work. Let there be in the Christian server no doubleness—no half-heartedness—no permitted lingering of unbelief. Let the twofold plea—"for God's glory and for Christ's sake"—be always prayed, and then the Divine working in us and by us will follow.

CHAPTER XXXI

INSPIRATION FOR PATRIOTISM

It is usual to look to our national heroes for those stirrings and inflamings of soul which produce Patriotism. It is their deeds which move us. It is their enthusiasm which fires us. For the stage of unquestioning youth this is perhaps sufficient. But for the period of mature age, when men and things are scrutinized closely, something more satisfactory is necessary. In youth the defects of national heroes are not apparent. In mature age their shortcomings, and in some cases their vices, make us wonder how heroism could ever be ascribed to them.

The case of Nelson is in point here. He is every school-boy's idol. He is any thinking man's perplexity. Ruskin introduces him in one of his lectures thus—

"Leonidas had the most perfect sense of duty, and died with the most perfect faith in the gods of his country.

"St. Louis had the most rigid sense of duty, and the most perfect faith in Christ.

"Nelson had the most rigid sense of duty, and——" There was suspense, and the lecturer said, "You must supply my pause with charity."¹

Clearly no hero can survive this kind of treatment. Under it the idol of our school-boy days must fall. And yet Trafalgar Day unquestionably stands for Patriotism. But how, if Nelson was no hero? Brown-ing tells us. He was sailing over the waters where the great battle was fought, and as he passed Cape St. Vincent and came face to face with Trafalgar Bay, Gibraltar looming in the distance, he cried—

"Here and here did England help me—how can I help England?"

And then comes his own answer—

"Say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, over silent Africa."²

The inspiration came from the English nation, not from the individual and, however successful, yet blemished Englishman. It was the Fatherland whose work those classic waters represented to the poet. To have singled out the one man, who at best was but the foreman of a glorious company of heroic fighters, and to have drawn inspiration from him, would have been to miss the truth of history and to have struck a poor thin note in poetry. Patriotism which is kindled by the glowing story of brave deeds done by a hero, who in his private life is immoral, will never produce a high type of citizen. But Patriotism which looks beyond the immoral hero, and sees in his great deeds the spirit animating the nation, will realize that the hero's vices are no part of that spirit, but rather so much shame to it, and thus be warned and taught accordingly. The truth is heroism in these modern days has become too much of a private affair. It has taken to itself an unwarrantable individualism. We need to get back to the ancient Spartan and Roman idea that every successful general, as indeed every private soldier who assisted him, were but organs of the collective courage, and

¹ *Architecture and Painting*, Lecture IV.

² *Home Thoughts from the Sea*.

ability, and duty of the State. And so in reading our national history—in singing our national anthem—in honouring our national representatives, our Patriotism will be best inspired if we think more of the nation than we do of the men, and if, in any case of splendid success, we hold up to our view the ideal for which the nation strove in spite of the humiliating nature of some of the details of the actual circumstances.

It must have been some such method as this which sustained and nourished the Patriotism of the Old Testament prophets. Again and again their kings and public men failed to be even ordinarily decent. The nation, too, became corrupted, until it seemed as though the succession of God-fearing men had ceased, and "vileness" was exalted.¹ But always the idea of "the remnant" survived.² The prophets never parted with that. The nation might rot to its roots—the roots even might reach the stage of perishing—but somewhere in the decay there was always to be life and power for recovery. And out of this Divine safeguard of "the remnant"—the nation was to be born again. It could not be otherwise, for the Divine purpose required it; the Divine promises were pledged to it; and the glorious future could not come without it.

Such was the inspiration of Old Testament Patriotism. Its hope was in the nation and not in individuals. Its inbreathings were from God's historic plan concerning the people.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE HIRELING SPIRIT

"THE hireling fleeth" (our Lord said) "because he is an hireling."³ It was his nature. The cowardice proceeded from the principles which he allowed to rule him. He might have been a hired servant, and yet

¹ Psalm xii.

² Isaiah vi. 13; i. 9.

³ John x. 13.

have stood by his flock. Many a European sahib was saved in the Indian Mutiny by his native servant. Many a nurse has preferred to meet death in some awful form rather than desert the child in her charge. It is not the hireling's office which our Lord condemns. It is the hireling spirit.

Such a spirit may be in clergy. It may possess the statesman. It is what often degrades politics. Men serve not for noble ends, but for base gain. The work is done not because it is loved, or because it is made sacred by duty, or because it is to meet some high form of need—but because it cannot be shirked. Whenever the hireling spirit is in us, its presence soon comes out in the quality of our work. The "pot-boiler" painted by the artist, "the copy" written under pressure from some imperious printer, the poet laureate's poem produced "by command," all proclaim their low birth. They were not born as children of "the free," but as issues from "the bond." Love had no part in begetting them. Their authors feel no pride in acknowledging them. The marks of their hireling origin are upon them.

It is said of Turner that among all the multitudes of his sketches which exist, not a single slovenly bit of work can be found. In his obscure days he "took a poor price that he might *live*"; but he made noble drawings that he might *learn*."¹ In such a man there was no room for the hireling spirit. It was kept out by the spirit of true service.

There was a time when the Church of England was at the mercy of hirelings. To read her history during the eighteenth century is to make one blush for human nature. Then her bishops were not ashamed to use her for base gain, and her clergy were as the shepherds against whom Ezekiel² brings the charge, "Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool; ye kill the fatlings, but ye feed not the sheep."

To-day these things have changed. Bishops are now among the nation's most self-sacrificing toilers, and the

¹ Ruskin in *Architecture and Painting*, pop. ed., p. 246.

² Ezekiel xxxiv. 3.

clergy and ministers generally, though ill-paid as a body, are too absorbed in their duties to make complaint.

George Herbert's oft-quoted words tell us how the hireling spirit may be cast out and kept out.

"All may of Thee partake :
Nothing can be so mean
Which with this tincture—"for Thy sake";
Will not grow bright and clean.
A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine ;
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine."¹

To be consciously on the side of God, and then to do one's work as part of the will of God, this will save any man from sinking to the level of the hireling. It is just because we lose touch with the highest that the lowest prevails. It is when we make ourselves look up to the best that the worst ceases to have sway.

Our Lord seems to have taken special pains to make it clear that He wanted no hirelings among His servers. "I call you not servants," He said, "but . . . friends; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth."² The fact that the Divine Master has taken us into His confidence, and has explained all His business to us is proof that our service for Him is to be the very best which love can give. He has taken us to His heart, and the natural issue of this can only be that we should work for Him from the heart. Working from such a source, we shall not be able to feel that we have done enough, and we shall never be satisfied that we have served the beloved Lord as He deserves.

CHAPTER XXXIII

YEARNING SOMETIMES MORE THAN DOING

BROWNING goes so far as to say—

"'Tis not what man Does which exalts him, but what man
Would do!"³

¹ *The Elixir.*

² John xv. 15.

³ "Saul."

He then pictures the youth, David, longing for the recovery of Saul, held fast by the evil spirit.

"See the King—I would help him, but cannot; the wishes fall through.

Could I wrestle to save him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would;—knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect."

And then comes the prayer—

"Oh,

Speak through me now!

Would I suffer for him that I love? So wilt Thou—so wilt Thou."

It is a great and precious law of serving which the modern seer puts before us. Travail of soul has its work to do. It helps as really to meet the needs of human life as the more active form of service. And it is here that those who long to be useful, but fear that they must be content to be useless, come in. The bed-ridden, the house-bound, the weak, the aged, to these it is given by the great Taskmaster to *yearn*, if they are not permitted to *do*. And if prayer be the power, which the Bible throughout its pages sets forth that it is, the world owes more to such yearning than even the Church herself knows. And the Church knows much on this point. Her missionary annals shine with glorious records of the miracles wrought by the yearnings of prayer. Were those records to be traced back to their birth-source, it would in many cases be found that that travail which brought those miracles to the birth came from the souls of those who sometimes bemoaned their fate because they could "only pray." *Only* pray? Many an active server now filling the public eye would help human life more if he or she were to be promoted to the higher level of those who "*only* pray." But there is another sense in which yearning may be said to be a higher form of serving than doing. The men and the women who see what is wrong with the world, and conceive in vain noble schemes for the betterment of the world; the clergyman who knows what is most wrong with his people, and who would gladly give his life to have the wrong put right; the

mother who lies awake at night and weeps before God for the wandering prodigal;—how much would these do, and yet cannot do, for those about whom they are sore concerned! And because they would do it were they permitted to do it, and because what they would do is on the lines of God's will and way, therefore it is serving specially near and dear to God. It is near to God, because even God Himself is compelled by the awful power of human free will to do much of His serving for His wayward children by yearning. And it is dear, because it makes a wondrous intimacy between God and those who yearn as His mortal creatures. It is the bond of a fellow-feeling. It is sympathy between the Infinite and the finite.

The Old Testament prophets as revealed in their books are full of the yearning which means high serving. We call to mind a few examples only. In Psalm xiv. 7 it comes out in the words, "Oh that the Salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!" In Isaiah xxi. 8 there is the same feeling: "My Lord, I stand continually upon the watchtower in the daytime, and am set in my ward whole nights." Once more we have it in Jeremiah iv. 14. "O Jerusalem, wash thine heart from wickedness, that thou mayest be saved."

In all such instances the service rendered was real. It was akin to that of the great Server Himself, when He yearned from the hilltop over the still impenitent and rebellious city beneath.¹

The world needs such service to-day. The Church is weaker than she might be because she does so little of this higher service for God and human life. It is the choicest souls who excel in the work. But "even wayfaring men, though fools," can share therein.

¹ Luke xix. 41-44.

CHAPTER XXXIV

"BUT THE SERVANTS . . . KNEW."¹

ALL that the guests at the wedding feast knew about the wine which our Lord had made was its goodness. They were ignorant of how it had been provided for them. They could not tell; it did not occur to them, as they enjoyed its rare quality, to suspect the power to which they were indebted for the wine. "But the servants . . . knew." Those who serve Jesus Christ always know more of what the Lord does for human life than human life itself. Take the case of the Church's work in crowded, poor parishes. Here the Church is said to have failed. And there is much to support the charge. Public worship dwindles. Congregations are on a small scale. Confirmees and communicants are hard to get. And when the journalist comes round, or the economist pays his visit, they go back to report that the Church is doing but little among the masses in the city slums. But the clergy and Church workers in these places know better. They see the "works of the Lord" in the swarming human life which refuses to come to Church. They can report, and do report, that were it not for the diffused influence of the things for which the Church stands, and for which it pleads, London and other great English cities would become as Sodom and Gomorrah.

Again, it is a common assertion that no successful business in the commercial world can be done on religious lines in these modern days. If a man is quixotic enough to try, he will (so it is alleged) soon find out his mistake. In this case, also, we appeal to what "the servants" know. They find that religion has a real value in business. To use a commercial term, "it pays." Where it is known to rule, there business men will, all other things being equal, more readily put their trust. And well they may. The fear

¹ John ii. 9.

of God is, after all, the best insurance that the firm will not abuse the confidence which its customers are asked to put in it.

There is another thing which the servants of Jesus Christ know about business. They know that it is just such base principles as that which shamelessly insists that deceit is a necessary element of business life, which makes the business world so unsatisfactory at the present time. Its very stagnation is largely due to the loss of confidence which the use of “trade lies” produce. The “strikes” which so often afflict it are what may be expected from men who, as masters and also as workmen, openly confess that among their methods is that of organized cunning. Its almost total loss of those high qualities, which made our commercial forefathers famous throughout the world, is part of the great price which the new methods of business men have to pay. Truly, the man who is not ashamed to say that business cannot now be done on religious lines is but as one whose declared heathenism mutely appeals for moral enlightenment.

It is, however, in the sacred intimacies which exist between the servers and the Served One that Christians have their special advantages. If the Old Testament servants of God had the words, “The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him,”¹ the New Testament Christians have the words, “All things that I heard from my Father, I have made known unto you.”² The mind of Christ has no reserves for those who learn in His school. He commits Himself fully to His own people. He tells us all. He gives us all. If the all is not possessed and enjoyed by us, that does not mean that our Lord is keeping back anything from us. The explanation is that we do not take the all which is offered to us. We are content with less than we might so easily have. And yet the less than the all—how much it is! What worlds of difference in enriched and ennobled life it makes to us! It is as though a

¹ Psalm xxv. 14.

² John xv. 15, R.V.

new creation had taken place in us, and that we had in us possibilities which belong to God Himself.

This new creation the servants of Jesus Christ can with confidence claim that they know. To doubt that they are changed with a Divine change would be to deny their daily experience.

But the Divine possibilities—the qualities of God Himself which are within their reach—these they have yet to know as they are designed to be known. It is the chief business of their religion to learn to know them. The efficiency of their serving as Christians depends on their striving to know them.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE HARM DONE BY THEOLOGY IN ITS TREATMENT OF GOOD WORKS

A GENERATION ago the ancient battle of faith *v.* good works was still being waged. It was mostly a party strife. The Protestant railed against the High Churchman for the emphasis he laid on the merit which belongs to zeal in good works;¹ and the High Churchman railed at the Protestant for the exclusive use he made of the idea that a man gets on right terms with God by faith alone.

It would not be too much to say that the whole truth was with neither side. It has further to be said that much mischief was done by both parties to serving. The Protestant was right in insisting that faith is pre-eminently necessary for a man who would please God, and become such that God can use and bless.

In this the Protestant has all the Bible to support him. But here the Protestant stopped, or seemed to stop. He did not go on as the Bible does to press for character, conduct, and service as the proper issues of

¹ "All this means only morality." "Ah! how far nearer to the truth would these men have been, had they said that morality means all this."—Coleridge, *Aids to Reflection*, conclusion.

faith. His whole case appeared to be, and practically was, to make the theological position of justification by faith alone SAFE. This stated, and fortified, and defended, he took little or no trouble "to beat out the music" of faith, which, as St. James,¹ in his blunt way, tells us, can only be made real and fruitful by the doing of helpful service for God and for man. And because the Protestant did not do this, therefore those who spoke in his name often used language which discouraged active service for God and man, and encouraged quietism—the doctrine that religious perfection consists in passive and uninterrupted contemplation of heavenly things. Not that the Protestant can be said to be without good works (his record is no mean one in this respect), but that he failed to place sufficient emphasis on the vital point—that though faith alone justifies a sinner before God, yet alone faith can never produce a saint. We need *working* faith as well as *resting* faith. The branch must be in the Vine, but it must also bear fruit from the Vine. Here it is that Protestantism still requires to put more of its emphasis. It will do so as it gets free from the fears and prejudices of its own theology.

In contrast to all this, the High Churchman was right in pressing for good works. For a Christian to do no service for God and for man, he was entitled to say, is to deny his own claim that he has faith. There can be no right faith without the issue from it of good works. In this the High Churchman has the whole Bible to support him.

But where the High Churchman went wrong was either in encouraging, or allowing those he influenced to think that of itself serving has merit in the opinion of God, and that it can, and does, in some way increase for a man the favour of God. It is just here that the old idea of "salvation by works," as it used to be called, comes in, with its inevitable depreciation of the "full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and

¹ Chapter ii.

satisfaction" made by our Saviour upon the cross¹ comes in. And when we remember all the mischief which came from such an idea in the centuries before the Reformation, it is not to be wondered at that the Protestant has ever fought the idea with the utmost fierceness. To allow it to remain in peace means sooner or later the rise of a Christianity which will either turn the Divine Atonement into a humanly administered department, as in the Roman Church, or dispense with it altogether, as in Campbellism and other new forms of the "New Theology." The fighting element represented by the Protestant is bound to remain in the Church in greater or lesser measure—but where we may hope for some lessening of the necessary evil is in a clearer vision coming to the Protestant of what is the true relation between the believing which justifies and the serving which verifies.

Another serious defect in the High Churchman's insistence on the Christian's duty to do good works has been the too frequent limiting of these to Church lines and Church purposes. Attendance at worship—district visiting—Sunday school teaching—choir work—almsgiving—the support of Church societies, and the like—these have been too exclusively the measure of the High Churchman's standard of "good works."

And so we say that Theology in both the Protestant and the High Churchman has done immense harm to serving. It has cramped its spirit. It has limited its range. It has embittered it with party feeling. It has misrepresented the Divine Master. It has made Him appear as if His interest was all in the Church, and that He had no great care for the outer world of unwon human life.

Happily the days when Theology could do such harm to serving as we have shown are past. Even in the Church Theology has ceased to be able to produce a condition of civil war. And in the world the public mind refuses to give it serious attention. The rise of

¹ *Vide* the Prayer of Consecration in the Holy Communion Service: *Book of Common Prayer*.

Democracy—the shrill pretensions of Socialism—the growing power of organized Labour have forced Religion to turn from Theological strife, and to give thought and effort to the great business of national serving. It is a change to be welcomed. It is “a day of opportunity” to be used. And as it is used by the Protestant and High Churchman alike—each serving with his special gifts—the day will come when both will blush for the human infirmity which, under the guise of zeal for religion, could make usefulness a Theological sin—and, on the other hand, the doing of one’s common duty a subject for complaisance and pride. In that day the Lord’s words, “When ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which was our duty to do,”¹ shall be truly felt and humbly obeyed.

CHAPTER XXXVI

WORKING FROM FAITH

It almost seems as if the Bible placed too much upon the action of faith as the means by which great service can be done. At least, this is how outsiders view it. To them there is no proportion between the results which are promised and the process which is to bring them. The former are too great; the latter is too small.

If the evidence were not so overwhelming, most thinking Christians would be tempted to agree with this view. But with such promises as our Lord made—in the presence, too, of such a record of the triumphs of faith as the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews sets before us—and having also the fact of the Christian Church, with its past achievements and its present serving, we are compelled to accept the position which the Bible gives to faith. To doubt it

¹ Luke xvii. 10.

would be to part with our religion. It is one of those verities of Christian existence which to us are unquestionable. However wonderful they may be, we feel bound to accept them.

But is faith quite the working power for service which it is meant to be? Do we get out of it what God has put into it for our use? This is the question.

It only needs to be asked to make us feel our shortcomings. We have but to examine the things promised to faith to convince us of how much we lose by not working from faith. In faith there is power for endurance. Moses¹ by faith was able to endure as serving Him who is invisible.

In faith there is composure of soul in the presence of disturbing mysteries. "Have faith in God,"² said our Lord to His disciples, when the mystery of the blasted fig tree troubled them. In faith there is the antidote to fear. "Be not afraid, only believe,"³ was the Divine command given to the poor anxious father who trembled for the life of his child. In faith there is God's guarantee of supplies for all rightful needs. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you,"⁴ runs the promise.

In faith is ability to remove opposing hindrances. "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed," the Divine Master said to His disciples, "ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."⁵

And to take last what ought in every case of work attempted for God to become first—in faith there is right relationship to God; for it is written that it is he that "believeth" who is to be saved.⁶

With such large things promised to faith, the wonder is that Christians should ever fail. And yet it is every Christian's daily experience that the failure comes. Where lies the mischief? Not in God. Not in faith as a process. It is our wrong use of the process. What

¹ Heb. xi. 27.

² Mark xi. 22.

³ Mark v. 36.

⁴ Matt. vi. 33.

⁵ Matt. xvii. 20.

⁶ John iii. 16, 18.

we call faith is often no faith at all. It is lacking in earnestness. It is without soul. It is sometimes the merest routine.

The truth which religious people are slow to learn is this: that faith at its best is the Christian life at its fullest. It is the turning of the whole man to join with God. Once this is done, then God responds—then His power works—then miracles come—then the world is helped and blessed.

And yet let no soul be discouraged because he has not worthy faith. The smallest faith can do something. The faith which is so mixed with unbelief that the soul is alarmed by it as it prays gets its answer from the pitying Christ.¹ And there is the standing promise for all who find it difficult to hold fast by God, "A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench."²

CHAPTER XXXVII

PRAYER AND PAINS

"WE must not sit down and look for miracles. Up, and be doing, and the Lord will be with thee. Prayer and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, will do anything."

The words are John Eliot's (1604-1690), with whose ministry among the American Indians the history of missions from Protestant England begins. They occur in the postscript of his book, *The Indian Grammar Begun*, and they indicate both the difficulties of his task and the spirit in which he undertook it.

For more than a century afterwards they expressed the case of every succeeding missionary.

David Brainerd (1718-1747), William Carey (1761-1834), Henry Martyn (1781-1812), David Livingstone (1813-1873), are all names which stand for the power of prayer and pains. Each accomplished the great ser-

¹ Mark ix. 24.

² Matt. xli. 20.

vices, for which we now honour him, by hard work and by calling unceasingly for the help of God.

It is possible to do astonishing things by pains alone. Thomas Carlyle went so far as to teach that even genius can be reached by taking pains. Certainly it would be easy to show that in literary work, or engineering work, or military work, pains can reach to the extent of the marvellous. But no amount of pains can do what the great missionaries did. Their accomplishments were such that no industry of man could possibly have succeeded to an equal extent. Their work needed the Divine as well as the human. It involved the supernatural as well as the natural. It lay in the region of the spiritual as well as in the region of the intellectual. And for these reasons prayer had to be associated with pains. Heaven had to be solicited and won as an ally, just as truly as earth with all its resources was made to assist in what was done.

To read the biographies of the great missionaries is to be impressed with the possibilities of prayer which is offered "through faith in Jesus Christ," as John Eliot is careful to remind us. It opens doors which no pains can even arrive at. It removes obstacles which defy pains. It brings results which make pains wonder that they are allowed to have a part to play in the betterment of the world at all.

Our Lord has left for His Church an outstanding lesson on the subject of prayer and pains. It is in the story of the casting out of the devil from the boy whom the disciples could not cure. "We could not cast it out," they said. The Master Worker replied, "This kind can come out by nothing save by prayer."¹

What do we understand by this? Will ordinary prayer do? Will very earnest prayer, but without any special act on our part, do?

Our Lord's own doings immediately before the miracle seem to be the answer. He had been in prayer. But what special prayer it was! What pains were in

¹ Mark ix. 29, R.V. The word "fasting" is omitted, and also in all the related passages.

it! How much time given—how much effort made—and both were for the purpose of shutting out for a space the lower world, and of getting specially near to the higher world. It was truly an instance of prayer and pains. Consequently it will be no stretch of meaning if we interpret the Lord's words thus—"This kind can come out by nothing but by prayer with which there are pains."

The Master Worker nowhere sanctions by His words or action the monastic idea of prayer unaccompanied by that practical form of effort which we call pains. He Himself again and again retired for prayer—but in every case the retirement was followed by some special form and issue of pains. We see this in His experience in the wilderness, which was a preparation for His entry upon public work. We see it also in the all-night vigil which was followed by the solemn appointment of the Apostles. Even Gethsemane was preparatory to the pains which were necessary for the saving of the world.

And so from the Divine Master Himself we learn that if we would prevail when difficulties come to us—or great tasks have to be attempted—there must be prayer, and there must also be pains.

"The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and men of violence," He tells us, "take it by force."¹ It is not the contemplative type of worker, like Nathanael, which is most helpful to a world held by its own inertia and love of sin. It is rather the aggressive type, like John the Baptist, who in the name of God and for the honour of God makes the world uneasy about its sins.

The Nathanael type will pray earnestly for the world as he or she muses and worships "under the fig tree."² The Baptist type will by prayer and pains force the world to come to the wilderness and confess its sins.³ Not that the world prefers the Baptist type of worker. Sooner or later it will kill him, while the Nathanael type it may spare. But afterwards the prayer and pains of the aggressive worker will still trouble the world, and shame it into better things.

¹ Matt. xi. 12, R.V.

² John i. 48.

³ Matt. iii. 5-6.

Of all the many cases of what prayer and pains can do, we know none more impressive than the way in which Monica, the mother of Augustine (353-430), won her son. She not only taught him and prayed for him as a child, but when he began to go wrong she followed him about in his wanderings to distant cities, that she might be near to make her appeals to him. At Milan she applied again and again to Ambrose for his help and his prayers. Nine years the uncertainty continued, and at last, in 387, the conversion, which was to mean so much to the whole of the Western Church, came. In his famous *Confessions* Augustine says of God's mercy to him through Monica, "And Thou sentest Thine hand from above (Ps. cxliv.), and didst deliver my soul out of that profound darkness when my mother, Thy faithful one, wept for me to Thee, more than mothers weep for the death of their children's bodies. For she, by that faith and spirit which she had from Thee, discerned the death wherein I lay; and Thou heardest her, O Lord; Thou heardest her, and despisedst not her tears, when streaming forth, they watered the earth beneath her eyes in every place of her prayer; and Thou heardest her."¹ Many a mother has been encouraged by Monica's case to use prayer as a power to win her children for God; and the blessing sought has come. But sometimes it does not come. The children remain unchanged. What is wrong? It may be that only half of Monica's method has been employed. Prayer has been offered, but pains have not been taken. If Augustine's *Confessions* be read through, it will be found that "pains" marked the whole of Monica's married life. She took pains to be true to God in her own soul-life—she took pains to so "adorn the doctrine" in which she believed that she might win her pagan husband—and then came the years of pains for her now world-famed son.

Prayer in her case took hold of God, and moved Him to work. But pains also co-operated with God, so that

¹ Book III. chap. xi.



the human might accomplish that which the Divine has told us¹ it must do, if the blessing it seeks is to be obtained.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

“PATHEMATA MATHEMATA”

THINGS suffered are things learned. Or, more shortly, sufferings are learnings. We came upon the phrase in John Addington Symonds’ *Life*.² No proverbial saying ever had a more illustrative setting. The whole book is one long-drawn-out moan of pain. But learning was in it. And high-class work came out of it, as witness the important books which now stand to the sufferer’s name.

Suffering has ever been the university in which true workers have graduated. Even the Master Worker Himself learned by suffering.³ Insight, experience, wisdom, power to sympathize, identity with human life in its most dreaded phases—these could only come to the humanity of the Divine Worker through the pain He endured. And the most glorious honour He ever paid to His first servants were the words, “Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations.”⁴

Thus it was that the very apostolate of the Christian Church came in some real sense out of trouble. Men were chosen for the great office when they had been prepared for it by pain. It is a side of apostleship which may well be borne in mind when in these modern days apostolic succession is being over-pressed.

Successors to the apostles? Yes, if the claimants for that awesome honour can meet the test—*παθήματα μαθήματα*. But what good man will not shrink back when the test is applied? And how significant it is

¹ 2 Cor. vi. 1.

² By H. F. Brown; Preface.

³ Heb. v. 8.

⁴ Luke xxii. 28. ‘The Greek is stronger: “Ye are they that have *stopped through* with me.”’

that the men who have suffered most for Christ have ever felt themselves to be least worthy to be called the servants of Christ!

It has been said that "the men of sorrows have been the men of influence." The saying is true. In patriotism, in literature, in religion—among reformers, among poets, among statesmen—the *μαθήματα* which have given men their greatest power to affect human life for good have been the *παθήματα* which they have personally gone through. Homer, Isaiah, Socrates, St. Paul, Augustine, Bede, Dante, Wycliff, Michael Angelo, Savonarola, Shakespeare, Milton, Burke—all these learned to do their best work in the school of sorrow. Not one of them to-day rules his kingdom among men but by the grace given to him through suffering.

It is the lack of the *παθήματα* which make the cheaply acquired *μαθήματα* of the newly ordained curate so often as thorns to his hearers. They have not yet reached their proper perspective. As the "sufferings" come, the "learnings" will recede to the middle distance, and later on to the background, where they will do their best service with their earlier pride subdued, and with a charm of modesty given by the trouble-laden years. We have said that our Lord ennobled His apostles for all time with the words, "Ye are they which have continued with Me in My temptations." We remember, however, that He afterwards had to say to some of His first followers the very different words, "O foolish men, and slow of heart to believe in all that the prophets have spoken! Behoved it not the Christ to suffer these things, and to enter into His glory?"¹ It was the obstinate view of trouble so universal in human life which was asserting itself in these two disciples of our Lord. Because the cross had triumphed, therefore the cause of God, as those early Christians had begun to view it, was lost. But the risen Lord came in their most despairing hour, and convinced them that *παθήματα* are *μαθήματα*. And of the *μαθήματα* thus taught and learnt, what glorious doings came for the world!

¹ Luke xxiv. 25, R.V.

From that point onward the Church began its missionary work, and the world began to be invaded by the Divine life in the Church.

“To have suffered much” (says George Eliot in *Adam Bede*) “is like knowing many languages. Thou hast learned to understand all, and to make thyself intelligible to all.” It is a notable thought. It illumines the relation of suffering to service. It explains why those who have had most trouble are usually those who are most helpful to their fellow human creatures. We see it among the poor. It is equally true among the rich. In all ranks it is the one who can sympathize best who can serve the needs of human life best. And sympathy is one of the *μαθήματα* which come from the *παθήματα*.

CHAPTER XXXIX

“LABORARE EST ORARE”

To work is to pray. It was a religious mint in which this ancient phrase was coined. Its proper currency, therefore, can only be in the sphere of loyalty to religion. To quote it, as is sometimes the case, to establish the position that work done apart from religion is prayer is to do violence to the rightful ownership of the phrase, and also to outrage every reasonable conception of what prayer means. Prayer necessarily postulates a religion of some sort, and to make work which ostentatiously separates itself from all that is religious is to ignore what the generality of mankind understand by prayer. He, therefore, who would bring his work under the cover of the words, “*laborare est orare*,” is bound by the origin of the words, and their normal sense, to have in some measure, at least, the religious feeling, and to be moved by the religious spirit.

Let this be emphasized, if only to save the venerable words from that misuse which empties them of all Divine inspiration, and thus cripples them for the

service of those whom they would otherwise stimulate and help.

St. Francis de Sales once gave a happy rendering of "*laborare est orare*." He said to a friend, "What a blessed thing active prayer is. . . . I mean by active prayer doing everything in God's presence, and for His service." ¹

So long as such a definition of the work which prays is accepted, there is little danger of the oft-quoted words of Benjamin Franklin, "The highest worship of God is the service of man," being misunderstood. If man is served as part of the will of God, if the service given on behalf of human life is done as in the presence of God, there comes at once into being the chief constituents of prayer—its consciousness of God—its loyalty to God—its appeal (silent or otherwise) to God. It is prayer to the Divine *plus* the human effort which co-operates in bringing about the desired answer. It is prayer which not only asks, but gives. Its asking is for that which only the Divine can do. Its giving is in the attempt to accomplish that which the human can do. So interpreted, "*laborare est orare*" is one of the most precious of truths.

For the too-frequent divorce between work which is really prayer, because it is done as so much responsiveness to God, and work which claims to be prayer, and yet makes no acknowledgment of God, religious people themselves are largely to blame. Because their faith produces no good works, and yet they call it religion, the world thereupon produces good works without faith, and claims that these constitute superior religion. Because some Christians pray, and do not labour for the good of mankind, those who are not Christians labour for the good of mankind, and call that prayer. Thus it is that the failure of those who are the trustees of the true provoke the challenge and call into existence the claim of the not-true.

We have a classical example of this in the *Autobiography of John Stuart Mill*.² There we are told

¹ *Life*.

² Chapter iii.

that the name of Mill's famous system of Utilitarianism was suggested by a Scotch clergyman, who, in a book of the time called *Annals of the Parish*, is represented as warning his parishioners "not to leave the Gospel and become utilitarians." As though it were not one of the great purposes of the Christian religion to make its professors useful, and as though our Lord had never said, "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples."¹ Of course, the old Scotch clergyman, like many of his English fellow clergy of that day, was the victim of his own bad theology. He was more concerned to uphold the proposition that a man is justified by faith alone, than to get out of his hearers that which faith can produce. Happily, we now live in days when faith and work, as things which God hath joined together, and which no man is to put asunder, are out of danger from any theological cleavage. The Divine union of the two was never so emphasized as now. Even the unbelieving world refuses a hearing to faith unless she comes with her due credentials of good works.

There are some words of the late Bishop Phillips Brooks which are worth remembering in connection with the old saying that to work is to pray. "By the finite act of labour" (he says), "the infinite act of prayer is helped to its completeness, as the soul grows by the body's ministries to its perfect life." Here the largeness of the term prayer is given its full measure. It is not something which can be represented by work, however disinterested and noble. Prayer is of the infinite. Labour is of the finite. And yet the finite is necessary to the infinite, if only to serve as an instrument or opportunity. The bishop's words also give prayer its proper place in relation to work. It is to take precedence. As the infinite comes before the finite, so prayer is to take the lead of work. To pray first gives a man ground for hoping that God will be with him in the effort which is subsequently made. To work first and to pray at its close may get God's blessing,

¹ John xv. 8.

but it will certainly lose that inspiration which comes from knowing that we have implored the Lord to be with us as we enter upon our tasks. To work and not to pray at all is to miss connection with the Divine altogether.

CHAPTER XL

WHAT THE HOLY COMMUNION DOES FOR US IN CHRISTIAN SERVING

THE Church of England makes prominent the part which the Sacrament of Holy Communion is meant to take in helping the Christian to do his work for God and humanity. After the great partaking has been made, and when the communicant offers his humble thanksgiving to God, one of the things which is prayed for is that he, and all who are "in that holy fellowship," may do "all such good works as Thou hast prepared for us to walk in." In this way the Church emphasizes that the Sacrament is for feeding the Divine life which is in the Christian server, and that when the soul's divine life has once more been fed with divine food, it must, in loyalty to what has been thus received, go forth to do further work. That it should not proceed to do more service for God and man the Church refuses to contemplate. Equally so does it decline to believe that a soul spent with much labour for Christ's cause will not come and be renewed at Christ's table.

The one is as unnatural as the other. For exhaustion the Great Master provides renewal. Out of the renewal He expects fresh serving.

Turning to the New Testament we find much told us there of the purpose of the Holy Communion for the Christian worker. In words which His Church has since taken to mean the partaking for which the Sacrament stands, our Lord declared that for a soul to have part in Him and to live by Him, there must be an

eating of His flesh and a drinking of His blood.¹ If this means that to have in us the communicable virtue of Christ we must in some way partake of Christ, we shall have to part with much if we refuse to seek such partaking in the Holy Communion. St. Paul will have to be parted with, for he said, "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not a communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not a communion of the body of Christ?"² The Prayer Book will also have to be parted with, for its Communion Office is founded upon the teaching that in the Lord's Supper "The Body and Blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful."³ And still further the congruity or fitness between our human need and the Divine supply for that need, which the doctrine shows, will have to be parted with, for what is it which we most require to make us truly the children of God and "fellow workers"⁴ with Him? Is it not the imparted, and assimilated, and reproduced nature of Christ?

To thus state some of the loss which would come, were we to part with the connection between John vi. and the Sacrament of Holy Communion, will, we feel sure, be enough for most Christians. To contemplate what the cost would be will make them cling more firmly than ever to the blessed truth that the place of Scripture just considered and the Sacrament have union in one Divine reality.

If, then, the Holy Communion is a partaking of Him, who is our higher life—if to us His members He does truly communicate His Divine virtues, as we take by adoring faith the Bread, and drink the Wine—if the Sacrament is the meeting-place and the sharing-place between the human and the Divine, the Christian worker who grasps all this will not be satisfied with infrequent or long separated visits to his Lord's Table. He will often be present. To miss an opportunity will, for him, be difficult. To neglect it (were that possible)

¹ John vi. 53.

² The Catechism.

³ 1 Cor. x. 16, R.V.

⁴ 1 Cor. iii. 9, R.V.

would be to proclaim his spiritual decline and shame. And from such a worker service for Christ would be in vain. The world would not be blessed by it. God could feel no joy in it. And the Great Server Himself would have to say, "It was not from me."

It is not, however, for what he gets for his own spiritual life and serving only that the Christian worker uses the Holy Communion as a means of Divine grace. This is a great end to gain, but there is more. Besides being for the help of the individual Christian, the Sacrament is a meeting-place and a sharing-place, and consequently a co-operating place for all who are members of Christ. The *κοινωνία* (Communion) necessarily implies the latter, else the issues of the meeting and sharing in a common act of partaking of Christ would be strangely imperfect. And, therefore, as being a joint effort of worship and prayer—as meaning that the faith of many is in one and the same place and time directed to Him "who worketh all in all"—as fulfilling the conditions by which the greatest good for the greatest number can be obtained—the Holy Communion is something which the Christian worker cannot do without and must have often. It makes him to be in reality and by blessed experience of "the company of heaven." It enables him to put out his one talent, or two talents, to a blessed kind of usury, since by the working together of all the Sacramental presences and power in the common element of Christ's life and work, the one or the two becomes God's many.

CHAPTER XLI

"FAINT, YET PURSUING" ¹

FOR Gideon and his men to have given up the fight because they were exhausted would have been inglorious. It would have dimmed the shining of their

¹ Judges viii. 4.

victory. And therefore they pressed on after the flying foe—"faint, yet pursuing."

The words are a good motto for the life which is lived as service. There must from time to time be faintness in it. There ought to be pursuing in spite of the faintness. No good work was ever done without it. We knew a man who declared that he had just learned a stroke at golf which he had been trying to acquire for forty years. It was staggering information to listen to. It made us reflect that if for so small an end men will strive for forty years, what ought the Christian's persistence in well-doing to be!

Few better stimulants to flagging zeal can be used than to call to mind what records the Christian Church has of the type of man of whom Browning says—

"Who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Who never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better."

Henry Martyn is a good example of this. To read his *Life* is to be made to feel that in these modern days work for Christians has become dishonourably luxurious. No one man ever influenced India for Christ as Henry Martyn did, and yet the only convert he was permitted to gather into the Church by baptism was an aged Hindoo woman of the poorer class.¹

He had gone to India as a senior wrangler. Over and above his proper duties as an East India Company's Chaplain he did the full work of a missionary, preaching to the natives, opening schools and teaching in them, translating the New Testament into three languages, and making long journeys even as far as Persia to perfect one of these versions. Ill-health clung to him through it all. Opposition from the English authorities, and savage resentment from Mahometans were his portion to the last. And yet this Apostle-like worker could from the outset put before himself the prospect: "*Even if I never should see a native con-*

¹ *Life of Rev. Henry Martyn*, by Rev. John Sargent, p. 156.

*verted, God may design by my patience and continuance in the work to encourage future missionaries."*¹ Truly our forefathers who worked for Christ knew how to keep to the heroic way of "faint, yet pursuing." How did they do it? What was the secret of their endurance? We can only say that they had learned the lesson set forth for the Church in the ancient words: "CONSIDER HIM, that hath endured such gainsaying of sinners against themselves, that ye wax not weary, fainting in your souls."² The vision of the resisted, yet ever persistent Christ, was before them. They remembered His Passion. They thought of His Cross. And as all this came to them with its call, they responded in the spirit of, if not in the use of the words—"Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ." And thus it was that they were taught that as in ancient days the cross was the way to the throne, so in these modern days human life has to be won for the kingdom of God by patient suffering in well-doing.

But what is "well-doing"? It is here that the strain upon our endurance is often greatest. We fail to see that drudgery can be related to the heroic. We find it difficult to believe that holding on to one's post in an obscure and ill-rewarded sphere is important. And then it is that we grow weary in well-doing and cease our efforts. "Poor fellows!" said an old vicar in a London slum parish of the curates who came to the parish only to soon leave it, "they want to see results, and because the results do not come they depart." It was an instance of culpable failure to see the "well-doing." Had there been good congregations in church—had the slums been changed into wholesomeness and decency—had bad language and the spectacle of "drunks" in the street disappeared, to have remained doing service for God and man in such a sphere would have been to them "well-doing." But because no such miracles were worked—because things seemed to grow worse rather than better—therefore the "well-doing" was to be sought elsewhere! It is

¹ *Life*.

² Heb. xli. 3, R.V.

a sorrowful phase of Christian life to contemplate. But alas ! it is common in these ease-loving times of ours. And the root cause of it is that men give way to doubt. They cease to use their faith, and then the things which are seen, and not the things which are not seen, have sway.

To be immune to doubt; to get back the full and vigorous use of faith, there is nothing better than to give one's self to work which plainly wants to be done, and for which there are few to do it. To such a worker God's inspiration will not fail to come.

"In happy toil
Forget the whirl of doubt ! We are weak
Only when still ! Put thou thy hand to the plough !
The Spirit drives thee on."¹

CHAPTER XLII

THE DIVINE SIDE OF DRUDGERY

THE human side we know too well. It fills our view. It rules our thought. It has more than due share in our speech. But the Divine side is what we need to try to see and feel. When we do see it, the most mean and uninteresting toil will have in it dignity, high purpose, and radiant connection.

Drudgery has been called "the grey angel of success."² The idea is as true as it is distinctive. Some of our great men have borne witness to it. Genius was defined by Sir Isaac Newton as patience. Carlyle described it as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." In the same strain Charles Dickens wrote : "My imagination would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention." Here is sufficient evidence of the angelhood of drudgery. If we would be wise, we shall let God's grey minister take us by the hand as we struggle on with the task which turns our heart

¹ C. Kingsley.

² W. C. Gannett.

sick by its utter wearisomeness, and as we go through the experience which fills our life with gloom. He will cheer us by His fellowship, and enable us to smile even through our tears. As in the case of Jacob's angel, there may be conflict of a blessed sort between us and our grey minister, but if at the end of the conflict we are declared to be princes of God because we have prevailed, it will be more than worth while. Drudgery, so long as it is woeful and wretched enough, makes some, whose lot in life is far removed from it, marvel and almost do homage, as though it were weirdly heroic. We see this attitude in Lord Lytton's lines—

"To me
There seems something nobler than genius
In that dull patient labour no genius relieves,
That absence of all joy which never yet grieves;
The Humility of it! The Grandeur withal!
The Sublimity of it! And yet, should you call
The man's own very slow appreciation to this,
He would ask, with a stare, what Sublimity is!
His work is the duty to which he was born."

It would be easy to argue that what the poet invests with heroism is nothing more than natural stupidity. The drudges who impressed him, it might be said, were content with their lot because they had no conception of anything better. But the poet is right. There are such people as he describes. We have seen them and been impressed by them. That which saves them from the charge of being stupid is the fact that in them there operates the sense of duty. In a Mahometan country the same class of people would cry, "Kismet," meaning that it was fate which decreed they should be drudges. In Christians the feeling of such persons is that it is God's will, and therefore it must be right, and it will ultimately work out to their own and to others' good. Is not such a spirit near to the sublime? Is there not in it the very essence of the heroic? We believe there is. The man who for God's sake is content to be a drudge, and is willing to be regarded as a fool because he does not complain of his condition, is more akin to the angels than the man who is brilliant in his

abilities, but weak in his willingness to serve in that state of life to which God has called him.

We turn to another poet for one more aspect of drudgery viewed from the Divine side. Matthew Arnold tells in ¹ his own great way that out of drudgery we may at least get this much—viz. Opportunity.

“We cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides !
The Spirit bloweth and is still,—
In mystery our soul abides !
But tasks we have in hours of insight willed,
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone ;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done !
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.”

The words come from a man who knew by bitter experience what drudgery is. His genius as a poet—his soul as one of our modern literary forces—must often have chafed under the daily grind of the school-inspecting which he had to do for his daily bread. But he did it, and did it well, and he himself became a greater man thereby, and the world was better served. Matthew Arnold's interpretation of drudgery as meaning opportunity is worthy of his poetic insight. We pass it on to the toilers, who once had visions of goodness for themselves, for their dear ones, and for humanity at large ; but who, because the visions faded into the light of common day, and irksome tasks succeeded them, have forgotten that it is in the way we do these tasks that the visions, with their attendant realities, will come to us again.

We turn to the case of a very different man, John Addington Symonds. He tells us that in his frantic desire to escape “a void life” he “invoked the goddess Drudgery,” but she would not come. There was good reason for this. Symonds was a leisured man, and a moneyed man, and a gifted man, but he trifled with

¹ “Morality.”

his privileges and had to pay the penalty. Because under the excuse that he could not, he would not find his work, his very power and advantages turned into causes of misery. "Nerves" came, depression set in, doubt haunted him, and his life became what he calls "a kind of devil's caldron which made existence hell."¹ It was only as he gave himself to hard literary work that peace came.

Had drudgery been forced upon him in his youth—had succeeding years brought stern necessity for toil to him, Symonds would have been a happier man. He would have had no time and less inclination to conjure up imaginary woes. The hard facts of a struggling life would have kept him in daily contact with the realities—religious and otherwise—which his very lack of occupation led him to dream away into the mists of doubt, and then he would have found that it is good to be alive even though a man is poor, and in weak health, and must work under bad conditions and for poor pay.

It is such cases as that of John Addington Symonds which show what great things drudgery can do for human life, if men of great possibilities will not hide from it behind the self-made barriers of an enervating and dissipating luxuriousness.

CHAPTER XLIII

WORK IN ITS RELATIONS TO THE IDEAL

THERE are two ways of doing work. One is as the Materialist, who, like Charles Dickens' Mr. Gradgrind, deals only with what he called "facts,"² by which he meant things which can be measured by the arithmetic table, valued in terms of money, and are limited to the boundaries of time and sense. The other method is as the Idealist, who is conscious that besides the

¹ *Life*, by H. F. Brown, pp. 254-5.

² "In this life we want nothing but facts, sir, nothing but facts!"—*Hard Times*.



world of material facts there is also the world of moral and spiritual facts, which are as real as material facts, and more important, since they appeal to man from the inwardness of the eternal, and make their claim upon him with the authority of the Divine.

At the present time it is the materialist type of worker who predominates. The condition of society proclaims it. Its business affairs, its politics, its pleasures, even its religion, all suffer from it. The Socialism which has risen up as a protest against the rule of the materialist spirit in human affairs, and seeks to supplant it, has but other forms of the same earth-bound things to offer in its place. Indeed, its quarrel with religion is that it is too other-worldly, and does not sufficiently minister to the present needs of man. Socialism therefore has not yet shown that its reign would be any improvement on the present rule of the materialist. All that we can hope from it is that as a process it may help on reform. By its loud insistence that the world of human life as we now know it is far from being the best possible of worlds, together with its inability to convince men that it is capable of making a better world of human life, it may be one of God's means for teaching men to depend less exclusively on the material for their welfare, and to turn in some measure at least to the ideal.

Whether this be the mission which God intends Socialism to fulfil we know not, but we are certain that to displace the material from its supremacy in human life, and to subordinate it into due relation to the spiritual, God's will is that men and women, while being in all things practical, should recognize, and cherish, and strive after the ideal. We are sure of this because the men and the women who have been most used by God were all Idealists. Not a single Bible hero was a Materialist. There was never a teacher or leader who moved men to noble efforts who had not in him the power of the Ideal. Great deeds—the deeds which pass their influence through the mass of human life like yeast works through the baker's dough—are im-

possible to a man whose soul cannot reach out through the invisible to the eternal.

"It takes a soul
To move a body; it takes a high-souled man
To move the masses . . . even to a cleaner sty;
It takes the ideal to blow a hair's-breadth off
The dust of the actual. Ah, your Fouriers failed,
Because not poets enough to understand
That life develops from within,"¹

But what is the Ideal? Is it the same for all men and in all ages? Was the Ideal which appealed to Socrates the same as that which works upon us? Yes and no. It was not the same as regards motive and direction and standard. And yet it was the same as being the power by which the Supreme makes men feel that they were made not for the low but for the high—not for the base but for the noble—not for the false but for the true.

The definition of the Ideal as being the best conceivable would probably have been sufficient for Socrates, and for his biographer and successor, Plato. But the world has travelled far in knowledge since their day. Now it is not enough to say of the Ideal that it is the highest and the best which man can conceive. Such a view of the Ideal may issue in nothing more substantial than mere abstractions, which exist only in the mind, and are incapable of being reduced to the forms of man's every-day life. For Christians something more actual, and historical, and personal is necessary. We want to see not the abstraction Divineness, but the personal embodiment of the Divine. Goodness as a conception is not enough for us. We crave to have in human form and under human conditions the Good. And so we say that to us as workers the Ideal is what has been revealed and worked out in human life, as we know it, by Jesus Christ. As He, while being intensely practical in the sphere of the material, was also one with His Father in the sphere of the Spiritual, so we are to be in lesser measure. While really in the world we are not to be of it. Our work for it is to be as thorough as that of the most enthusiastic material-

¹ Aurora Leigh.

ist, but at the same time it is to be as transcendental—as lifted up beyond the stars—as connected with the working God Himself as the work of Jesus Christ.

Our Lord declared that this was to be possible for Christians. "He that believeth on Me," He said, "the works that I do, shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto My Father."¹ The ideal for the Christian, therefore, is nothing less than service whose upward aim and actual reach go as far as the presence of the Eternal Son on the throne of the Eternal Father. So long as our work is not directed thither, the Christian ideal is not operating within us.

One caution is necessary to some who try to work from and to the Ideal. It is simply this—that the Ideal is always such that it can never be actualized fully and finally. If it could it would cease to be the Ideal. The *raison d'être* of the Ideal is that it calls us and wins us to ever follow on whither it leads. To those who lament that they can never realize their ideal, the reply, therefore, is that they can do something better still, which is that they idealize their actual.

But if it is necessary to caution workers against expecting to attain to the ideal, it is equally necessary to warn those who, because of a fancied dwelling on high with the ideal, refuse to come down to the real circumstances and needs of the actual. Of these Emerson says, "Their solitary and fastidious manners not only withdraw them from the conversation, but from the labours of the world; they are not good citizens, not good members of society; unwillingly they bear their part of the public and private burdens. . . . The philanthropists inquire whether Transcendentalism does not mean sloth."² We discern some likeness in all this to certain types of religious people who are absorbed by their ideal preacher; who travel far to hear him and his kind expound more of their ideal theology; who spend time and strength and money, and what is more, their opportunities, to persuade the world to accept their ideal of what human life ought

¹ John xiv. 12.

² Essay on *Transcendentalism*.

to be, and yet through it all they do nothing for the world of humanity as it actually is. Such religious idealists have begun at the wrong end, and remain there. Had they ever been actualists in their religious life and serving—had they known what that true and undefiled religion is of which St. James speaks¹—and which consists of ministering in practical ways to human need, as well as of keeping oneself unspotted from the world, they would not remain satisfied with what sailors call a “sky-pilot” religion. They would be unhappy until they had begun to live out their religion on the solid earth, and to do its proper duties among real men and women having needs to be supplied and real souls to save. An ideal in a religious person, which does not justify itself by its service to the material, is as unnatural as human life lived for the material without response to the ideal.

CHAPTER XLIV

SOME NEW TESTAMENT IDEAS OF WORK

It is rightly claimed that the New Testament represents a big stride forward in the world's knowledge of man's relations to work. How far the New Testament has taken us beyond the point at which the human race stood before the great Book was written will be seen as we look into the subject.

1. To begin with, the New Testament is careful to teach that the work of to-day owes much to the work of the many yesterdays which have preceded it. “I sent you” (said our Lord to His disciples) “to reap that whereon ye have not laboured; others have laboured, and ye are entered into their labour.”² It is a lesson which every age needs to have pressed upon it. The dwarf of the Present sees more than the giant of the Past on whose shoulders he sits, and is apt to despise the giant, whose vast bulk enables the smaller creature to get his larger view. The New Testament deals

¹ Chap. i. 27.

² John iv. 38, R.V.

justly between the two. It emphasizes the indebtedness of the Present to the Past. It has no special praise for the Modern as compared with the Ancient. Its stress is always on the continuity running through the two.

2. Again, the New Testament plucks an argument, and forms an appeal, out of the FEWNESS of the workers available to do the world's vastest and most needed work. Speaking of the conversion of the human race to His teaching and rule, our Lord said, "The harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few."¹ Was there ever such splendid optimism? Did a Master Worker ever show such confidence? Were volunteers ever called for on such a ground? The enterprise was immense—the difficulties stupendous—the means small. And because the latter was so inadequate, therefore our Lord seems to say, "Let every good man and earnest woman come forward and make the means greater." Truly, a new aspect of work is here. Antiquity can show no such insight into what a single worker can help to accomplish for God and mankind, if he will but come with his little strength "to the help of the Lord against the mighty." With such as he, God will once again give in glorious form the answer to Samson's riddle—

"Out of the eater came forth meat,
And out of the strong came forth sweetness."²

Only, the man who comes to increase the few workers for God and humanity must have in his soul the vision of the possible harvest and the ability of the summoning Lord.

3. Once more, the New Testament presents its greatest personality as One who chose to come and share with human life the humblest form of manual toil. Other great world-teachers have been manual workers. Socrates once fought as a private soldier. Epictetus was a slave. Mahomet had to share in the duties of herding flocks. But there was no choice for these. As they were born, so they had to serve. This was not the case with our Lord. He of His own will

¹ Luke x. 2, R.V.

² Judges xiv. 14.

"took on Him the form of a servant."¹ He humbled Himself to man's lowest estate. He voluntarily became such that His Galilean neighbours afterwards asked, "Is not this the worker in wood?" (τέκτων).²

Having thus identified Himself with Labour, He proceeded to win from Labour some of His best followers; and not a little of His most important teaching is associated with Labour.³ In contrast with all this, His attitude to the idle rich is significant.⁴ And it is impressive to note that His irony was used on the man who could not dig.⁵

4. Further, the New Testament builds up on our Lord's connection with manual toil a new doctrine of the sacredness and dignity and duty of labour. Because the Son of God has laboured with His human hands, therefore all faithful labour is to be regarded as a means of special fellowship with Him. Thus in Rom. xvi. 12, Persis is saluted as one who "laboured much in the Lord." In 1 Cor. xv. 58, the burial service chapter—as we part with the mortal remains of our dear dead—we are urged to more effort "in the work of the Lord." In 1 Thess. iv. 11, 12, Christians are told that as citizens their great aim is "to study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your hands." And the purpose of this is that "ye may walk honestly towards them that are without (the non-Christians), and may have need of nothing." In 2 Thess. iii. 10 we have severity. Christianity will tolerate no idlers, religious or otherwise. Its stern decision is, "If a man will not work, neither let him eat." In Luke x. 7 the right of the worker to a just wage is asserted. "The labourer," says our Lord, "is worthy of his hire." Not that the employer is to be regarded as done with the labourer when the hire is paid. In His own Mastership Jesus shows that no mere "cash nexus," as Carlyle scornfully put it, is to be the sole connection between employer and employed

¹ Philip. ii. 7.

² Mark vi. 3.

³ *Vide* John iv. 35 ff.; Luke x. 2 f.; Matt. ix. 37 f.; and xx. 1-15, etc.

⁴ *Vide* Mark x. 23 ff.; Luke xvi. 19 ff.

⁵ Luke xvi. 3.

in His kingdom. To His disciples He said, "No longer do I call you servants . . . but I have called you friends" (John xv. 15).¹

5. Lastly, the New Testament takes and lifts to a higher religion of meaning and value some of the Old World's terms and conceptions of labour. The word δοῦλος for example, how greatly that is changed by its transference from Pagan use to Christian! Under the one it stood for bond-slave, with all the humiliation and degradation of slavery at its worst. Under the other it has become associated with the greatest honour. To be the bond-slave of Jesus Christ was St. Paul's most ardent aspiration. Even his apostleship could only be asserted by him in as far as he felt himself to be the favoured slave of the Divine Master who commissioned him.

Our Lord's washing of the disciples' feet is another instance of the change which His religion has made in men's idea of menial labour. If the Master could thus serve His servants, those servants are in loyalty bound to thus serve one another. By an act which still stands near to the nature of a Sacrament, the Founder of Christianity made large and beautiful for all time the Divineness of all loving help which is unpleasant in its nature, and yet which must be done.

The parable of the Good Samaritan is one more example of the change we are discussing. Who among the Ancients on the strength of the conventionalism of his day, or by the encouragement of his religion, would have done the work—menial, manual, medicinal and otherwise—which the Samaritan did for the wounded stranger, and he a Jew? Some representative of antiquity might possibly have done it from the moving of the instinct of pity, so strongly does Nature at times assert herself against custom and public opinion. But no Ancient could have done it as part of his religion, for the reason that religion had not yet travelled so far. It was only when the Son of Man spoke the words, "Go thou and do likewise," that humanitarianism became a necessary part of a religious life.

¹ Vide Hastings' *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*, Vol. II. p. 1.

We have said enough to show the nature of the changes which men's ideas of work have undergone under the influence of the Christian faith. The changes are not yet complete. In the present day they are taking more depth and larger range. Under the challenge of Socialism, and by the pressure of modern industrial conditions and needs, work has yet to take in still more of the spirit of Jesus Christ, and to gain further features of His ways.

CHAPTER XLV

TIME IS OPPORTUNITY

IT is the Prayer Book view of opportunity. The English Bible has, "As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men."¹ Cranmer—or whoever it was that made the independent version for the Communion Office of the English Church—translated it "*While we have time*, let us do good unto all men."

Considered from the point of purpose, the two are practically identical. Time is opportunity for doing good. Opportunity is Time in its aspect of occasion or means for good to be done.

It is this having of time which constitutes grave responsibility. Time is precious capital put into our care for thrifty use and wise outlay. We are to save Time and to invest Time, as business men save and invest money.

That this is not the common view of Time our very language bears witness. Archbishop Trench, in his book on *The Study of Words*, has a chapter on "Morality in Words." In it he reminds us of "the grand moral purposes Bishop Butler turns the word *pastime* to; how solemn the testimony which he compels the world, out of its own use of the word, to render against itself, obliging it to own that its amusements and pleasures do not really satisfy the mind and fill it with a sense of an abiding and satisfying joy. They

¹ Gal. vi. 10.

are only "*pastime*"; they serve only, as the word confesses, to *pass* away the *time*, to prevent it from hanging, an intolerable burden, on men's hands."

Here is a great evil which calls for removal—the evil of holding Time as a cheap thing, and treating it even as a troublesome thing, which men do well to get rid of quickly.

How is the evil to be removed? It may be removed in part or whole in the usual way in which most great reforms have come—through the action of the ones and the twos. Every improvement affecting local or national life was at one point of its career but the measure of the single individual who conceived it, and took the first step towards effecting it. It is, in the same way that men's treatment of Time can be made more worthy. Let the ones take up the sacred enterprise of justifying Time in its claims for reverence and right use, and sooner or later the many will thereby be at least influenced to feel that they ought to do likewise. Out of such created public feeling Time will eventually come into some of its own.

Our forefathers had a more solemn sense of the trusteeship of Time than we moderns have. It comes out of their utterances concerning Time. "*Periunt et imputantur*"—the hours perish and are laid to our charge, the warning on an ancient dial at Oxford, is a characteristic example. It comes out of their greater observance of birthdays, public anniversaries, Watch-night services in church, New Year Greetings, and the like.

It comes out of the epitaphs they wrote, and the designs of the tombs they used, for their dead. It comes out of the instruction to a son, which we find in the *Letters* of even such a man of the world as Lord Chesterfield. "Know the value of Time," he wrote as the old year was dying; "watch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastinations; never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."¹ There was no religious feeling in Lord Chesterfield. Sainte Beuve, in his *Portraits of*

¹ Dec. 26, 1749.

Men, claims him as having a French mind, which most English people of that time would have regarded as a doubtful compliment. Notwithstanding Lord Chesterfield's pronounced worldliness, however, his *Letters* show now and again that he had caught something of the seriousness of his age, and that he passed it on with the bulk of his less admirable teaching to his son.

In claiming that Time received more reverence from our forefathers than we moderns give to it, we have not lost sight of the art of making the most of Time, which we see in some quarters at the present day. Probably no generation ever had so many time-saving inventions as ours has. But little, if anything, of all this is consciously connected with what our forefathers understood by the trusteeship of Time. It is at best but part of the business of making money, or of enabling one's energies to reach farther and to accomplish more. Of religious feeling it does not pretend to have any. It is frankly a secular thing. To waste Time is, so its users think, to sin against the laws which govern profit and loss. Not to work at all is purely a question whether a man can afford it. To so use Time as to cripple one's strength by much overwork is, at worst, judged by the standard we are considering, to do a thing which in the long run does not pay.

Such is the modern attitude towards Time. It is unashamedly non-Christian. It reduces human existence and Time and Eternity to terms of buying and selling. Man sells his existence, with Time and Eternity thrown in, and buys—What? Solomon's words supply the answer: "Vanity of vanities—all is vanity."¹ Against such a Pagan conception of Time we oppose the New Testament conception in the words, "While we have Time, let us do good unto all men." Time is meant for doing good. Time is opportunity for such doing. To be born into Time, to use our tenure of Time without doing good unto our fellow-creatures is to prove ourselves bastards, and not the real sons and daughters of Him who "maketh His Sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth the rain

¹ Eccles. xii, 8,



on the just and on the unjust.”¹ A view of this kind will startle those who complain that they cannot do good, because they lack opportunities. Micawber-like, they wait until something turns up for them to do. Or, like the men in the parable, they stand idle, expecting some one to come forward to send them into the vineyard. People of this sort are numerous. They compose a vast portion of human kind. They need to be told that “things don’t turn up in this world until somebody turns them up,” and that to be in the sphere of Time is to be in the Vineyard, where work is vainly appealing to be done. “Doe ye nexte thyng,” as the old motto puts it, is the surest way to get an opportunity. Or, to use Carlyle’s words, “Do the duty that lies nearest thee; which thou knowest to be a duty! The second duty will already have become clearer.”²

CHAPTER XLVI

THE WATCHERS FROM THE ETERNAL

Is it only a rhetorical use of the previously described heroes of faith, when the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says, “Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses . . . let us run with patience the race that is set before us”?³

We do not think so. Such rhetoric was good enough for Napoleon, when he stirred the feelings of his soldiers in Egypt by telling them that the centuries were looking down upon them from the pyramids. But the Book of God has in it no place for such dramatic art.

And therefore we believe in the Watchers from the Eternal. We can re-echo Goethe’s words⁴—

“Heard are the voices,
Heard are the sages,
The Worlds and the Ages;
‘Choose well; your choice is
Brief and yet endless.

¹ Matt. v. 45. ² *Sartor Resartus*, Book II. chap. ix. ³ Heb. xii. 1.

⁴ Translated by Carlyle in *Past and Present*, Book III.

Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you;
Work, and despair not.'"

It is true that the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews tells us that *our* looking as Christians is to be "unto Jesus." We are not to take our hope from the Saints. Nevertheless, it moves us to know that around the watching King there are watching servers, who once served Him in this lower world, and now serve Him above. It would be strange insensibility in us, if we were not stirred and made more earnest by the fact that the way we do our work, and the manner in which we run the Christian race, is a matter of keen interest to those who have passed to the Lord before us. As we think of them—as we feel what Milton would have called "the raining influences" of their eyes upon us, we can turn to Him, who is the life and light of them all, and say, "We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood. Make them to be numbered with Thy saints, in glory everlasting."

It is some such use as this which George Eliot makes of the fact of the Watchers from the Eternal, when she prays—

"O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead, who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues."

Kepler's joy as he swept the sky with his eager gaze and explored its worlds by means of his theorems and figures was in the fact that he was thus enabled to *think God's thoughts over again*. George Eliot's joy seems to have been something like this. In calling to mind the immortal dead—in warming her soul at the fire of their glowing deeds, and in attempting in her

smaller measure to do as they did—she was thus going over again the process which had made them great. And the prompting to do it, the sustaining strength, the guiding light came from the belief that good men and faithful women, when they pass from our sight, do remain as presences to help us—

“To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.”

It is a fine thought, caught from the Christian faith which George Eliot once possessed, but which she afterwards parted with. Hence it is that in her “Choir Invisible” there is no King of saints. Unlike the cherubim whom Isaiah saw, its members have no cry of, “Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is full of glory,” and, contrary to the angelic choir whom the Apostle John saw, they cannot sing, “Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain to receive the power, and riches, and wisdom, and might, and honour, and glory, and blessing.”¹

The Watchers from the Eternal whom Christian workers have in view are not so. They surround the Son of Man who is also Son of God. Their presence in the heavenly places is due to Him. Their ascended life is from Him. Their worship is for Him to the honour of the Father. Their witness is of Him. Their interest in earthly affairs and in men's doings is that He their King may come into His own. And so they watch on, making their mute appeal to us not to be untrue, not to waste our opportunities, not to faint in well-doing.

In the *Life of Charles Simeon*² we are told that the great evangelical leader had in his study a painting of Henry Martyn. Simeon had been the means of persuading Martyn to go to India. He felt, therefore, that Martyn was in some real sense his *alter ego*, working in the distant heathen world. News came from time to time of the consuming zeal of the missionary, of the persecution he had to endure, and of the use

¹ Rev. v. 12, R.V.

² By Dr. Moule, Bishop of Durham, p. 140.

God made of him. As the nature of the man was thus made manifest, the picture in Simeon's study took on new meaning. "Whenever I look at it," Simeon used to tell his visitors, "the eyes seem to say, 'Be serious—don't trifle, don't trifle.'" And then came the response from Simeon, "I won't trifle." And he did not. Few men in modern times have got through so much fruitful work for God and mankind as Charles Simeon did.

It is the same effect which the Watchers from the Eternal seek to have upon us. They, too, look out the meaning—their silence spells the message, "Don't trifle, don't trifle! Be earnest, work hard, do the Divine Master's will in all things. Serve His cause by all the means in your power. Buy up every opportunity of helping it forward. In thus ministering to Him you shall best honour yourselves and help your fellow men. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing." ¹

CHAPTER XLVII

THE WORKER IN OLD AGE

THE approach to old age which we call "middle life" has been described as specially perilous. It is then that "moral fatigue" is sure to come. The battling for right has been so long—the strain to uphold truth has been so continuous, that as physical energy weakens, and enthusiasm cools, the weariness, which means a lowered standard, comes, and thus in our tiring the cause for which we serve suffers.

The author of *Ecce Homo* points out that middle life is liable to another danger. It is its tendency to yield to routine—"the mechanic tracing of a contracted circle." "How many a man," he says, "who at twenty was full of zeal, high-minded designs, and plans of a life devoted to humanity, after the cares of middle life have come upon him, and one or two

¹ Matt. xxiv. 46.

schemes contrived with the inexperience of youth have failed, retains nothing of the Enthusiasm with which he set out but a willingness to relieve distress whenever it crosses his path, and perhaps a habit of devoting an annual sum of money to charitable purposes! . . . Thus all personal service in the cause of humanity is commuted for a money payment." ¹

It is a case of an unworthy following of the line of least resistance. Youth is eager for combat with difficulties. Ante-penultimate age (the last but one stage of all) is more disposed to avoid them, at the same time taking care to keep up a performance of the proprieties. It would not like to offend the public opinion around it. And yet it does not hesitate to take advantage of the easy tolerance which people give to slackened zeal. Certainly the Master Worker's words, "Watch and pray," are specially needful to the Christian who is in the stage next to old age. They are needful if only to produce a worthy old age at the end of our serving life. An old age which has come *via* a morally fatigued and half-in-earnest middle age cannot be a satisfactory finish for one's course. There is sure to be much that is grievously shortcoming in it. He, therefore, who would reach a noble old age as a server, let him make sure that his middle age is kept faithful. Let him beware of "moral fatigue." Let him pray to be delivered from that surrender to routine, which is really a shirking of duty, and a compromise with the enemy.

The ancient Romans seem to have regarded old age as beginning for the servant of the state at sixty. The Senate of Rome, which was an assembly of elders, and in which a member sat for life, never summoned a senator to his duties when he had passed the point of threescore years.²

It was a provision intended to protect the State from those follies of vanity, obstinacy, and ambition, which are worse in old age than in youth.

Victor Hugo needed some such restraint. "While I live," he said with more than his usual grandiloquence, "it is my duty to produce. It is the duty of

¹ Chapter xviii.

² *Seneca de Brevitate Vitæ*, chap. xx.

the world to select from what I produce that which is worth keeping. The world will discharge its duty. I shall discharge mine."

In contrast with this there is "the long silence of Newman in his old age," which, says Lecky, "added to his dignity and to his reputation."¹

Of Carlyle he thinks it would have been better for his fame as a writer, if a beneficent fire had destroyed the unrevised manuscripts which he wrote or dictated when a very old man.

"Give us timely death" is, in truth, one of the best prayers that man can pray.²

To be wise in one's old age, to bear the burden of many years with dignity, to be able to resist the weaknesses which physical decay brings, to still possess one's soul at a time when the body is going over to other keeping, to do nothing which shall belittle the work of by-gone years—all this and more represents the trusteeship of long life. Aged persons, and especially those who are aged workers, need, therefore, to use the psalmist's prayer, "I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not until I have declared Thy strength unto the next generation, Thy might to every one that is to come."³

Old age which thus prays will not fail in its trusteeship of the years. God will fulfil to it His promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."⁴ Nor will it pass to the beyond without unlading for the benefit of those who are to remain to carry on the world's work some of its accumulated treasures of experience of God's grace, and of its learning of the Divine ways.

¹ *The Map of Life*, p. 316.

² Psalm lxxi. 18, R.V.

³ *Ibid.*, 325.

⁴ Deut. xxxiii. 25.

CHAPTER XLVIII

REST—ITS PLACE AMONG PRINCIPLES AND DUTIES

THERE are times when the word *Rest* has charm for the strenuous worker. To sit in some ancient cathedral and to listen to a young chorister sing Mendelssohn's pathetic setting of the old words, "*O for the wings; for the wings of a dove! Then would I fly away, and be at rest,*" is to a weary toiler a moving experience. It is deep answering to deep. The music outside of us finds eager response within us. We have the painfully felt need; the boy's song is its expression and also its appeal.

"I remember," says Mr. Lecky,¹ "a touching epitaph in a German churchyard, 'I will arise, O Christ, when Thou callest me; but oh! let me rest awhile, for I am weary.'" It is the same condition as that we have just looked at. In both cases there is excessive strain with its consequent exhaustion, and the inevitable cry for recovery. Happy is the worker who can listen to the prayer of his spent energies, and turn aside to seek renewal.

There are at least two classes of people who cannot. They are those whom necessity drives on until they fall, and those who could rest if they would, but are caught and held by the machine-like force of routine.

The former class are an exceeding great army. Our cities contain vast numbers of them. Smiling country villages are not without them. Were these unfortunate captives of work to stop their daily grind of painful effort, their children would cease to be fed, the rent money would "get behind," and the miserably paid situation would be lost. And, therefore, the breadwinner of a family must struggle on. For these the subject of "*Rest—its place among principles and duties*" has no bearing. In their life there is no room for either. The only hope of relief such toilers have is in the slow coming of betterment for their class.

¹ *The Map of Life*, p. 318.

Thank God! it is coming. The growing understanding of the Incarnation in its bearing on human life in all its aspects is teaching the race to give some chances at least to "the under-dogs." It is from this direction that God's relief for those doomed to unnatural toil will come.

But what is to be said of the other class of worn workers who can rest, if they choose, but who will not? It is hard to say stern things of some of these. Their motive is altruistic. Their self-sacrifice is heroic. And yet sternness is the best kindness to them, and to all whose interests are wrapped up in them. Such good men and women need to be saved from their own misuse of themselves. And the causes they are killing themselves to serve need to be spared from their premature breakdown and untimely death. Archbishop Tait, who shortened his own life by overwork, once said to "A.K.H.B.", "I cannot understand Alford¹ so overworking himself. He did not need the money. *It was infatuation.*"² As "A.K.H.B." listened, he looked into the archbishop's face, always sorrowful; he marked his feeble steps as they walked up and down together by a river's side, and he thought to himself, "There is not a man in Britain who is more overworking his strength than you are."

Of both these cases it may be said that the men were held fast by the machinery of the causes to which they had yielded themselves, the one to the machinery of a vast literary undertaking,³ the other to the machinery of the State Church, then undergoing momentous changes. This was some excuse. But in neither case was rest given its due either as a principle or as a duty. The principle was denied a place, and the duty received no performance.

It is, perhaps, expecting too much of busy religious men like Dean Alford and Archbishop Tait to be scientific enough to do their work on the lines and with

¹ Then Dean of Canterbury.

² *Our Little Life*, by A.K.H.B., p. 94.

³ The now well-known and superseded commentary on the Greek Testament.

the checks of principle. But of all men religious men are bound to be guided by duty. And to respect the laws of health, to guard the precious possession of ability and strength, to abstain from outrage upon one's vital energies—this is as sacred a duty as any the Decalogue imposes upon us. Alas! there are many good men and women who ignore it. They will not listen to the message of God which persistent weariness means. They turn a blind eye to the danger signals which Nature makes before the final catastrophe comes. And thus it is that tragedies are dared, and eventually brought by the best of men upon those whom they love and serve. Charles Kingsley and Norman Macleod are instances. When the latter died, Kingsley said, "He is gone, as I am surely going: a man who has worn his brain away." A little later Kingsley himself—the modern apostle of the gospel of care for health—followed, worn out before the proper time; exhausted by a prodigal use of his vital force. He violated rest as a principle. He neglected it as a duty. The cost to the Church and nation was the loss of an indispensable server before the normal time for his withdrawal was due.

What makes the crimes of overwork in clergy and Christians generally so unpardonable is the fact that in the example of the Supreme Worker rest as a principle, and also as a duty, is set forth with all the solemn conspicuousness of an ordinance. The Jewish Sabbath was instituted to proclaim it. The Christian Sunday emphasizes and perpetuates it. And yet we have front-rank Christians killing themselves by defiance of all this! And we shall continue to have such needless tragedies until the mocking world performs once again in some irresistible form its useful, if humiliating, function of taunting the Church with its inconsistency, and thus shaming it into obedience to its own teaching.

CHAPTER XLIX

LOOKING BACK

IN Kipling's book *The Day's Work* we are given a vivid picture of the satisfaction which comes to the strenuous worker as he thinks of the task he attempted, and which, after years of toilsome effort, is on the point of completion. It is the case of a bridge-builder. Three years before, the Ganges at Benares was unspanned. Now the new bridge made an iron stretch of one and three quarters of a mile from shore to shore. The opening day was near. "Findlayson, C.E., turned on his trolley and looked over the face of the country he had changed for seven miles around. Looked back on the humming village of five thousand workmen; up stream and down, along the vistas of spurs and sand; across the river to the far piers, lessening in the haze; overhead to the guard-piers—and only he knew how strong those were—and with a sigh of contentment saw that his work was good."

Is the last reference a bit of bad drawing in the picture? Is it a wrong use of the sacred to gild the drab of the secular? We do not think so. On the contrary we regard it as one of those touches of insight which come from genius. It is the seeing of the great fact that all true work is one, whether it be God's work or man's. It is the emphasizing of the truth that as God looked back with satisfaction when His work in creation was complete, so man is only repeating the experience in his smaller measure when *actum est* can be written over some long effort, and the sight of what has been accomplished cheers his heart.

India, the land of Kipling's bridge-maker, has furnished some glorious instances of the pride with which great workers have been able to look back when their day was over, and the rest time came. Of these there comes to mind the story of Sir Henry Lawrence. His was a tragic looking back. As he lay shattered and torn by the mutineers' shell, which had burst in the

room of the Residency at Lucknow, where he was at work, it seemed as if failure was to be his last portion. But it was not so. His doctor told him that forty-eight hours at most remained for him to live. He used them in giving the most able and minute instructions for the continuance of the defence. Then came his last look-back. It was dimmed with blood and tears. But glory now shines through it all. Among the things he asked his comrades to do was, "that no epitaph should be placed upon his tomb but this: 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, WHO TRIED TO DO HIS DUTY.'"¹

The words have secured for the Lucknow hero an immortality which success in beating off the foe could not have secured. The weakness out of which they were spoken proclaim their strength. They live, and will live, because they lay bare a human heart which, though great in its altruism, was broken by men's ingratitude,² and yet remained faithful unto death in its determination to serve.

We now turn to a very different kind of looking back. It is that of one of the world's most famous workers—Lord Bacon. Few workers have been so immediately and manifestly successful in their work. The world of law and the world of science claim him as a star of first magnitude in their separate firmaments. He was the first who treated legislation as a science. He was the first to make philosophy issue in "utility and progress." "Ancient philosophy" (says Macaulay) "disdained to be useful, and was content to be stationary." Bacon's philosophy, to use his own emphatic expression, was to produce "fruit." "The philosophy of Plato began in words and ended in words." Glorious words they were, but only words. "The philosophy of Bacon began in observations and ended in acts."

¹ *Life*, by Sir Herbert B. Edwards and Herman Merivale, Vol. II, p. 375.

² Unlike that of his sterner, but always just, brother, Lord Lawrence, Sir Henry Lawrence's rule of the natives had been marked with excessive kindness.

Unlike most great thinkers and doers, Bacon was honoured and promoted by the men of his time. He climbed to highest rank and was given almost royal power.

At the close of his brilliant career the look-back brought no satisfaction. A terrible thing rose up and smote the view of the ex-Lord Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal. It was the confession written by his own hand and submitted to his peers in the House of Lords. The confession ran, "Upon advised consideration of the charges,¹ descending into my own conscience, and calling my memory to account so far as I am able, I do plainly and ingenuously confess that I am guilty of corruption, and do renounce all defence. My lords, it is my act, my hand, my heart; I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed."

At his death five years later (1626), on his will being opened, the look-back was found to be still at this damning point in his career. He expressed in dignified language his mournful consciousness that his actions had not been such as to entitle him to the esteem of those under whose observation his life had been passed. Nevertheless, he had the satisfaction of knowing that his name as a worker had already won a high and permanent place among the benefactors of mankind. Thus, while confessing his shame, he yet claimed his glory. Posterity has since taken him at his own valuation. Its judgment upon him is that he was "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

Bacon's retrospect of his life and service makes us think of the aged prophet Samuel's challenge as he reviewed his public work in the presence of the nation he had served. "Here am I, witness against me before the Lord, and before His anointed (the new king): whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I taken a ransom to blind mine eyes therewith? and I will restore it you."

And they said, "Thou hast not defrauded us, nor

¹ These were that he had taken bribes.

oppressed us, neither hast thou taken ought of any man's hand."¹

The incident is valuable as showing that even in those far-off and immature days there was what Burke so finely calls "that chastity of honour which felt a stain like a wound."

In our modern days it also exists. But it is as difficult to preserve as in any previous age. Happy is the Christian man, and truly helped is the community which possesses him, who so does his work, that when the time comes for looking back, shall be able to honestly feel that such chastity is his.

Like St. Paul he will then be entitled to say, "The time of my departure is come. I have fought the good fight; I have finished the course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give to me at that day, and not only to me, but also to all them that have loved His appearing."²

CHAPTER L

THE LAST EFFORT

KEBLE's words—

"Ever the richest, tenderest glow
Sets round the autumnal sun,"³

have come to mind in connection with the subject of this chapter. They suggest to us that the final act of serving, in the case of some of God's distinguished workers, was beautiful in its nature, and impressive in its circumstances.

What would the Venerable Bede be in the Church's mind to-day, had there not been that last effort of his in finishing the translation into English of St. John's Gospel? At Ascensiontide in the year 735 death drew near to the sick man. He still continued to teach his

¹ 1 Sam. xii. 3-5, R.V.

² 2 Tim. iv. 6-8, R.V.

³ *The Christian Year*, 2nd Sunday after Epiphany.

scholars. "Learn with what speed you may," he said to them, "I know not how long I may last." The dawn broke on another sleepless night, and again the old man called his scholars round him, and bade them write. "There is still a chapter wanting," said the scribe, as the morning drew on, "and it is hard for thee to question thyself any longer." "It is easily done," said Bede, "take thy pen and write quickly." Amid tears and farewells the day wore on to eventide. "There is yet one sentence unwritten, dear master," said the boy. "Write it quickly," bade the dying man. "It is finished now," said the scribe at last. "You speak truth," said the master; "all is finished now."

Placed upon the pavement, his head supported in his scholar's arms, his face turned to the spot where he was wont to pray, Bede chanted the "Glory to God." As his voice reached the close of his song, he passed quietly away.¹

Truly, we could ill spare the last effort of him who was "first among English scholars, first among English theologians, first among English historians."² It was "the last of life, for which the first was made." It was the beginning of the consummation of "the whole" which God had planned.

Simpler, but full of beautiful significance, was Bishop Westcott's last effort. He lay in his mortal illness. Strength was failing. The end came near. He asked for the day's psalms to be read to him. At first the bishop tried to say the alternate verses, but this was more than he could do, so he listened, and joined in the "Gloria." When the reading was finished, after thanking his daughters very lovingly, he added, "All I can do is a little bit of praise. Just a little bit of praise." He died while his children sang his favourite hymn.³ "The hymn seemed to comfort the bishop greatly, for, until he finally lost consciousness, he was uneasy at every pause."⁴

¹ *A Short History of the English People*, by J. R. Green, p. 38.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Life*, Vol. II. p. 399.

⁴ *Ibid.*

What better ending could there have been for one of the most strenuous and fruitful lives than an act of praise—an act delegated to others when it could not be done by the worn-out toiler himself? It was the answer of Charles Wesley's prayer—

“And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.”

Turning to a very different class of worker—Corot, the great French painter of light and air, we find that when he laid down his brush for the last time, he fervently murmured, “I hope with all my heart there will be painting in heaven.” As he lay waiting for the end he said to his friends, “You have no idea of the things I could paint now. I see what I have never seen before. It seems to me that I could never before have been able to make such a sky. That which is before me is much rosier, profounder, more transparent. Ah! if I could show you those immense horizons.”

Here again the last effort is one of the worker's best efforts. He so makes the effort as to show us from whence his inspiration came. And as he does it, he passes on to us new glimpses of the beauty of which he was one of God's interpreters—such glimpses, indeed, as his famous pictures do not reveal—simply because the artist had not yet himself seen the glory from which the vision came.

Browning's *A Death in the Desert* puts before us a last effort of a different kind still. It is that of the aged Apostle St. John. Like Bede, the weight of years was upon him. Like Bede, again, he had to say, in telling his dying story, “Quick, for time presses!”

Like Bede, once more, he used his ebbing strength in telling of the greatness and goodness of his Lord. When the call to the presence of his Lord came, his last words were—

“If there be a further woe than such,
Wherein my brothers struggling need a hand,
So long as any pulse is left in mine,
May I be absent even longer yet,
Plucking the blind ones back from the abyss,
Though I should tarry a new hundred years!”

It is no unreal heroism which the poet here pictures. There have been workers in modern days who have felt and said the same. The late Lord Shaftesbury was one of these. He was eighty-four years of age. His physical weakness was such that he had to lie down at intervals in the day to get what he used to humorously call "a whiff of courage," before venturing out to some public meeting to plead on behalf of one or other of his many philanthropic causes. Shortly before he died he said to a friend, "When I feel age creeping on me and know I must soon die—I hope it is not wrong to say it—but *I cannot bear to leave the world with all the misery in it.*"¹

In such workers physical decay has no terror for them except in its power to cripple usefulness. And when this feeling exists in an aged toiler, it is notable how often God gives His servant what he desires. Not that natural exhaustion is suspended, but that the spirit of the worker is permitted to remain unsubdued and aggressive till its flight. One such case in humble life we knew. She had been the mistress of a little private school. For years she struggled on against difficulties. Her desire was ever to do some good in a world too ruled by evil. At last her overwrought strength gave way. Paralysis seized her, and for a few years she had to lie waiting for the Divine Master's call. Although she was incapable of normal speech and directed movement, she made her last effort. To all who visited her, and in reply to all inquiries, the only words she uttered were, "*Work a little work. Work a little work.*" It was not disease. It was the keen soul making its final plea. It was her obedience of the Divine command, "*Be thou faithful unto death.*"²

CHAPTER LI

DEATH AS "SERVUS SERVORUM DEI"

SOME correction is needed in the ideas which rule men's minds on the subject of Death in its connection

¹ *Life*, pop. ed., p. 771.

² Rev. ii. 10.

with work. Thus there is the common idea that Death stops our work. It certainly stops the tasks in which we are engaged when it comes to us, but it does not stop our serving, for

"To die
Is to begin to live. It is to end
The old, stale, weary work, and to commence
A newer and a better."¹

Against this, our Lord's words, "The night cometh when no man can work,"² will, perhaps, be quoted. But such a use of them would prove too much, since the context of the words would involve the belief that our ascended Master Himself has ceased to work, which is utterly against the Church's faith. We learn, therefore, that when the Bible speaks of Death as a sleep, or as rest, the point of view is always from the earth. It is sleep; it is rest, as regards the toil and weariness of mortal life. But from the point of view which regards Death as the entrance into a larger existence with new powers and activities, the idea of the words, "and His servants shall do Him service," becomes inevitable.³ They serve Him, if only by patient waiting until He in Paradise has consummated the principle, "He must reign till He hath put all His enemies under His feet."⁴ And is it thinkable that the Divine Master shall rule from Paradise, and His servants there not actively minister to Him? To us it is not thinkable. Certainly the picture which St. John gives us of the souls under the Altar, which cry, "How long, O Master, the Holy and True,"⁵ does not encourage us in that view. Further, the expectation which St. Paul had, that entrance into the next world would secure for him enlarged knowledge,⁶ seems to support the idea that Death, so far from bringing to Christians less personality, and all that realized personality means, shall bring more.

Another wrong idea of Death in its relation to work is that it is to be feared and guarded against as a dread

¹ Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Double Marriage*.

² John ix. 4. ³ Rev. xxii. 4, R.V. ⁴ 1 Cor. xv. 25, R.V.

⁵ Rev. vi. 9-10, R.V. ⁶ 1 Cor. xiii. 12, R.V.

uncertainty. It is seldom that such an idea is allowed to stand out shaped and clear in the worker's consciousness, and still less often does it find articulate expression. And yet it is actually and operatively in the sub-consciousness of most Christian workers, and is responsible for much of the nervous anxiety which comes to such workers on the subject of health, risks, and the like.

Could these workers be made immune from the sense of possible evil, which the fact of their liability to Death imposes upon them, existence would become easier for them, and their serving would be more confidently done.

What we have to say of such a feeling is that the immunity so desired is both a possibility and also a duty. It is possible to the man who is convinced that all life is under God's control, and that no life ceases without God's command. The Psalmist who could write, "My times are in Thy hand," was such a man. So was Thomas Carlyle. His biographer tells us that, "In spite of science, he had a clear conviction that everything in the universe, to the smallest detail, was ordered with a conscious purpose. Nothing happened to any man which was not ordained to happen. No accident, no bullet on battlefield, or sickness at home, could kill a man till the work for which he was appointed was done."¹

To such workers as these the old saying that "man is immortal till his work is done" was fully true. For them the monkish habit of putting up some emblem of Death to prick the human disinclination to work would have been impossible. The two conceptions of Death were the antipodes of each other. One stood for certainty, the other for uncertainty. One was sure that the worker could not survive his usefulness to God, the other had a timid foreboding that he might be cut off before his service was finished.

One more wrong idea of Death in its relation to work is that the power we call Death is not a servant, but a master. The idea is largely due to the fact that when

¹ *Life*, by J. A. Froude, Vol. II. p. 324.

Death operates, it means loss as regards the earthward side of things. And as we view the havoc which Death makes, it rarely occurs to us to ask whether what we regard as a loss is not a change wrought by Death at the bidding of the will of God. If Death operates under such control—if Death thus helps in the administration of God's government of the universe—if the action of Death is part of those workings which are necessary for the fuller development of the Divine plan for man—then Death clearly serves. It is no master. Lordship does not belong to it. It is *servus servorum Dei*—the servant of the servants of God, and therefore, as Christians, we ought not to think of Death as an enemy, but rather as an agent sent to do with us and for us the great business of our Heavenly Father.

A friend of Michael Angelo once said to him that his constant labour for Art must make him think of Death with regret. "By no means," was the reply, "for if life be a pleasure, yet, since death also is sent by the hand of the same Master, neither should that displease us."¹ The great artist had no misgivings as to the office Death fills towards us. To him Death was God's agent of change from the mortal to the immortal. He regarded Death as one of the workers under God, who labours for our promotion. Like Walt Whitman, he could have truly said—

"Holiest minister of Heaven—envoy, usherer, guide to the last,
Rich, florid, loosener of the stricture-knot call'd life,
Sweet, peaceful, welcome Death!"²

CHAPTER LII

"WITH THE LORD"

WHEN the unjust judges of Socrates cut short his labours for Athens, and sent him to death, the great worker consoled himself with the possible prospect of meeting in Hades such choice spirits as Homer and

¹ Quoted by Emerson in Essay on *Immortality*.

² His last poem.

Orpheus. "What infinite delight," he declared, "there would be in conversing with them and asking them questions!" And yet he was not certain that Hades would bring him this joy. As he prepared to leave the court, he said to his judges, "The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways. I to die, and you to live. Which is better God only knows."¹

It is an impressive picture which Plato has drawn for us. It shows us the invincible cheeriness of Socrates. And yet there is foreboding in it all. The great teacher could not fully feel that to die for duty's sake, and to go forth to the beyond, was better than to live and remain in this world among those who had failed in duty.

How different it was with that other great worker St. Paul! He, too, suffered at the hands of unjust judges. He also was cut off violently from his work. To him there came the shame of a penal death because of his efforts to teach men the good, and the beautiful, and the true. But how unlike is the manner of St. Paul to that of Socrates as he faced the next world! It was not the prospect of probable fellowship with the choice spirits of departed poets which cheered him. It was the certainty that the moment his soul left his mutilated body, it would be immediately "with the Lord."

It is a remarkable expression which he used. "At home with the Lord"² is what he actually said. As though to live in the present body is for a Christian worker to be on foreign service. But to die is to go to the fatherland—to join the family gathering—to mingle with the native element to which he belongs.

Taking the words "*with the Lord*" as we see them from the earthward point of view, and joining them to other New Testament teaching on the subject, we thereby get precious knowledge of Christian workers when they pass behind the veil. We know that they "rest from their labours."³ We know that as far as human life's fitful fever is concerned death to them is "sleep."⁴ We know that the place or state to which

¹ *The Apology of Socrates*, Jowett's translation.

² 2 Cor. v. 8.

³ Rev. xiv. 13.

⁴ Luke viii. 52.

they depart is “Paradise.”¹ All this we know, and it is really a great deal.

But when we try to reach out and feel for ideas from the far side of the words “*with the Lord*” it is not so definite and clear.

And yet there are thoughts which come to us from the words. Thus to be “with the Lord” must mean betterment. On this point we have the assurance of St. Paul himself that “to depart and be with Christ” is “very far better.”² It is better than life on earth at its best.

From this sure ground we can take another step forward, and say that to be “with the Lord” means enlargement. “The burden of the flesh” (as our Burial Service puts it) having been removed, the confined and limited powers of the soul gain liberty and more room, and consequently larger action and ampler range. And so Shelley’s thought of a worker who has “outsoared the shadow of night” comes in at this point—

“Peace, peace! He is not dead,—he doth not sleep!
He hath awakened from the Dream of Life . . .”

To go still further, we can say that to be “*with the Lord*” means, so we believe, clarified discernment. In the light of the spirit-world, in the glory of the Divine Master’s unclouded presence, the worker sees in his measure as his Lord sees.³ There is no longer diverse vision. They two now see eye to eye. The worker knows as he is known. Unreality no longer misleads his judgment. Things are at last what they seem.

Again, we may say that for the worker to be “with the Lord” means full and permanent contentment.

“Envy and Calumny, and Hate and Pain,
And that Unrest which men miscall Delight,
Can touch him not, and torture not again,—
From the contagion of the World’s slow stain
He is secure; and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain.”⁴

Finally, when a worker has passed to be “*with the Lord*” we conclude that it means a never-ceasing advancement. It would be difficult to conceive of Paradise as a place where there is no growth. Souls

¹ Luke xxiii. 43. ² Philip. i. 23, R.V. ³ 1 Cor. xiii. 12. ⁴ Shelley.

ripen there. Work is to be done there, for we read that "His servants shall serve Him."¹ And where work is, there progress can be made. What sort of progress it will be is indicated by the words already quoted, "For He must reign till He hath put all His enemies under His feet."² It is the progress which comes from the conquering and invading Kingdom of God's King.

When this is complete—when all antagonism and disloyalty to it have been made to cease—when the Kingship of our Divine Master has reached its utmost extension, and accomplished its final triumph—then the mediatorial system will have done its work. The Son Himself now becomes subject to Him who subjected all things to His rule—and God, as the outcome of all the serving of the Son, and of the work of those who ministered to the Son, is at last the glorious and for ever blessed "ALL IN ALL."³ But even when that point has been reached, will there not still be a going forward for the servers of the Eternal? We believe there will.

"Day and Labour, Night and Rest,
Come together in our mind,
And we image forth the Blest
To eternal calm resigned :—
Yet it may be that the Abyss
Of the lost is only this,
That for them all things to come
Are inanimate and dumb,
And Immortal Life they steep
In dishonourable sleep :—
While no power of pause is given
To the inheritors of Heaven :
And the holiest still are those
Who are farthest from repose,
And yet, onward, onward, press
To a loftier Godliness :—
Still becoming,—more than being,
Apprehending,—more than seeing,
Feeling, as from orb to orb
In their awful course they run,
How their souls new light absorb
From the Self-existing One."⁴

¹ Rev. xxii. 3.

² 1 Cor. xv. 28.

³ 1 Cor. xv. 25, R.V.

⁴ Lord Houghton.

